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ALONZO S. WEED,
Publishing Agent,
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UP HILL.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

"Every man must bear his own burden."
"The way through life, my child, is all up hill."
He said in pleasant tones, gentle and low;
"And though my kindness shall attend thee still,
"Thou, even as others, self-sustained, must go."
"Most cheerfully my greater strength would I bear
The burdens life has bound for thy young heart;
Thankful to save thee pain and wasting care;
But each, my child, alone must bear his part."
"Ah! life is stern; its ways are rough and hard
For timid hearts and tender limbs like thine;
But they shall meet a glorious reward,
Who walk them well, nor falter, nor repine."
"Gladly, my child, I'd fold thee to my heart;
I thankfully would guard thee as mine own;
But thou must labor for thine hour of rest;
And thou must meet and conquer life alone."

SEEKING A HOME.

BY GILBERT HAYEN.

FROM RICHMOND TO ATLANTA.
It was a cold morning when we left the northern for the central capital of the South. In fact, the cold weather we had hoped to shun, chased us all the way down to Georgia. It was colder in Baltimore than in Philadelphia, in Washington than in Baltimore, in Richmond than in Washington, and in Lynchburg than in Richmond. The temperature got back to a respectable equilibrium only as we reached the mountain lands of Georgia. Our ride around Richmond froze nose and toes, and the snow that fell that night looked homelike in quality, though sadly deficient in quantity. The cars go southward to Danville; here the colored car first makes its appearance. Through Maryland this abomination is abolished, and from Washington to Richmond, people of this complexion sat among their whiter fellows. Here they are thrust into a smoking-car, and ladies and gentlemen are compelled to submit to the nasty habits of their dirtier, if whiter, fellow-travelers. The stations have separate rooms, and the old flavor is still alive in this dead shape. It smells all the worse from a dead cause, than it did from its old, living form. Not the negro, but this treatment of him, is oppressive to souls polite.

We want Mr. Sumner's Civil Service Bill in car and hotel, and alas! that it must be said, in pew. May his royal services be thus royally crowned, and his one misstep be thus forgotten and forgiven.

A HORROR DRAWING NEAR.

To show how this country is getting demoralized, an anecdote and incident will tell. Not far from Appomattox Court-house, an old farmer entered the cars, bound West, accompanied with his family—six daughters, and sundry sons and lovers. These ladies were out in their "show clothes," and were pretty of countenance; some of them were modest and maidenly, but one or two were hoydenish to the extreme. A young fellow with an almost rimless hat thrust his face into that of a sweet and very simple fifteen-year-old, and she seemed to like to have it so.

A gentleman from Richmond, of high culture, remarked, "I was in Edinburgh just after the war, and was introduced to a gentleman as from Richmond, Virginia. He expressed his pleasure at seeing one from that city, and said, 'Do you think, sir, the whites and blacks will ever amalgamate?' 'I replied,' said the Virginian to me, 'I do not wish to hear that word, sir; it is very disagreeable to me.' 'I beg your pardon, sir,' stammered on his British interlocutor, 'I intended no harm. I merely wished to know if you thought the whites and blacks would ultimately amalgamate.' 'I say, sir,' replied the Virginian, 'I do not wish to hear that subject referred to. It is very distasteful to me, sir.'"

"And yet," says that same gentleman to me, "that result stares us more and more in the face. Such people as these," pointing to the old man's daughters, "are likely to make such marriages." I accepted this new horror with complacency, and record it, as not a fanatical Northern, or Scotch heresy, but the dread conclusion of one of the most intelligent of Virginians.

APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE.

is a mile or two away from the station. That consists of a small, dirty depot, and a like small and paintless house or two, under some large trees. The country around is exceedingly homely in its wintry shape, though before we reached it, some fine openings appeared. The region has all been raided over and fought over; here further progress south was stopped, and Gen. Lee gracefully surrendered slavery to liberty, the past ages to the future. It is the greatest blessing the South ever gained, and

she will yet rejoice in all her borders over that surrender, and keep its anniversary as the brightest in her annals.

THE ROANOKE VALLEY.

is one of the most beautiful in America. It opens soon after leaving Lynchburg, and goes to a crossing of the Alleghenies, some five hours ride. High hills, broad valleys, winding streams, pretty farms and villages, make a perfect retreat. It is not so much known as it deserves. It is like America and the region above and below it on the Harlequin road, though it is broader than that enchanting valley. The cold gets stronger as we climb the hill, and the frost gathers thick on our windows, thicker than I have seen it since crossing the mountains back of Trieste, one December midnight, a decade ago. But the next day opens warmer, and

EAST TENNESSEE.

is entered. Its valley is not unlike the Roanoke, but broader, and less perfect, yet its crisp air is very refreshing, and its wide fields, high and hilly, look inviting. It is hardly yet under cultivation, and will be greatly improved when Northern society and education shall uplift it. Knoxville lies high and rolling, a slightly town, at least from its depot, and oxen hitched to an omnibus tell us the epizootic is here, more properly and classically called the hippopotizootic.

Athens comes next, and the Tennessee Wesleyan College, with its president, and officers, and patrons, keeps us over a train. This college consists of a single brick building, four or five teachers, and about seventy students. It is pleasantly located on a hill-top, overlooking a shut-in valley, and looking out on its shutting-in hill. The valley has a little town, after the Southern type, with pretty houses, and those not so pretty, a square without beauty, and a tired Sam Lawson "gin out" air, as of one asleep by the roadside. Wilbraham is as still a town, and not more romantic.

IN GEORGIA.

It was a long, rattling night-ride on the seats, that were without cushions, ere Kingston and Georgia gave us welcome to a frosty room and a hot breakfast. Back to a big fire, and face to hot cakes, hot chicken, and hot coffee, with the door wide open, and the room as cold as all outdoors; this is a Georgia welcome, a happy admixture of Yankee and Southerner, making us both homesick and at home. It was a Northern late October morning in temperature. How it must have bit in Boston, that 14th of December! The train drags slowly, and halts an hour at

MARIETTA.

The town square is lovelier, dirtier, and prettier than that at Athens. The brown boys (hardly any here are black), in their cotton bales, stand waiting a customer; 17-5-8 per pound is the price one of them asked; this is as sharp as the biggest cotton broker puts it, he never getting much more fractional than an eighth. It is worth 20 to 22 at Lowell. His place had raised nine bales; as each bale has four to five hundred pounds, his harvest was worth over \$700, all cash at the nearest depot. That is a good business, better than corn in Illinois, which is only, one fourth cash. On this square I saw a funny old negro standing guard over a pair of steers hitched to a load of corn husks. She had on an old Kossuth, and a man's jacket; she kept her hands in her pockets, and spat frequently, so that it was hard to tell which sex she belonged to. I asked her the price of her load of husks. "Four dollars," "Have you any husband?" "Only myself and God's over all," she pertly answered. "Why don't you have a husband?" "He's no use. They put 'em in there," pointing to a new court-house and jail. "What do they put them in there for?" "Spose to keep their skins from getting brown with work," she snaps out. She pointed to a quiet young gentlemanly fellow standing by as the owner of her steers, her husks, and probably once of herself. He asked her to turn her team. She couldn't or wouldn't. Thereupon a young, smart-looking colored fellow took her whip and brought them round. So it took three grown-up persons, and a boy in the wagon, to dispose of a load of husks worth four dollars. I thought the boy on the bale showed the higher wisdom, and

would get ahead of this four human-creature team. An hour's ride, and HOME IS FOUND.

The first Atlanta, spelled a little longer, was a fabled river; the second a fabled maiden; the third, with its termination changed slightly, a fabled region beyond the wild, western sea, that raged along Europe's coast, and that gave its name at last to the ocean that hid it from the longing eyes and hearts of the Mediterraneans, the wretched Atlantic stealing the very name of the gentle Atlantis. How often have earth's wolves robbed her lambs of their good name, and given in return their own bad nature.

Our Atlanta is neither a maid, river, isle, nor ocean. It is a live Yankee town, on the top of southern mountains. Its aspect and air are Yankee; a splendid "car-shed," as its depot is modestly called reminds one of Springfield, though it is thrice as capacious and elegant as that. A more splendid hotel does not remind one of Boston, for Boston has not one half as handsome, though what she has are better patronized, and therefore better cuisined. The H. J. Kimball house it is called, built by a brother of the liberal candidate for governor in Maine, last fall, is a monument to his enterprise, more than to his sagacity. For Atlanta, though smart, is not up to the stature of a Fifth Avenue hotel.

The streets are after the everlasting American fashion outside of old Boston and old New York. The four great eastern cities have each contributed something to the city construction of the continent. Boston, gives ideas; New York, manners; Philadelphia, streets; and Baltimore, religion. They are radical, polite, rectangular, and Methodist.

Atlanta has got all but the first, and will not be long without that. In fact, she has it already. The Atlanta University having a hundred and fifty students, of all colors but white, and having such excellent scholars in Greek, and Latin, and mathematics, as compelled the admiration of the severest critic of the city whose prejudice against color, so far as its educational possibilities went, all went down before that searching test and triumph. So Boston radicalism already sits sovereign on its handsome hills.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HUGHES.

There is no wound for which Christ has not healing.
No pang of grief or bitterness of feeling;
No cross so heavy that he cannot lighten,
No way so dark but he has power to brighten.
There is no suffering but he has borne greater,
None seek so late, but find one has sought later,
And when the world has tried and failed to ease us,
We all may come and find relief in Jesus.
There is no heart so foul but He will take it,
There is no chain so strong but He can break it,
No love so lukewarm but He can renew it,
If we but ask His aid, and let Him do it.
There is no tree so barren but His caring Can change to blossoming, and ripe fruit bearing;
No soul so lost in sorrow and in sadness,
He cannot fill with sunshine and with gladness.
There is no soul so lost but Christ can find it,
No heart so broken that He cannot bind it,
No lamp so empty that He cannot fill it,
No sin so mighty that He cannot kill it.

RELIGIOUS SPECIALTIES.

BY REV. JAMES PORTER, D. D.

Religion has an order of its own adapted to the varied conditions of all whom it is designed to benefit. Appearing to men as the "one thing needful" for them now, it suggests the appropriate measures for its attainment. Thus, David in the horrible pit, and miry clay, beyond the reach of human help, cried unto the Lord, and waited patiently for Him. Nothing could have been more appropriate. The jailer, too, seeing that God was with his prisoners, and that he was fighting against God in persecuting them, naturally sought their counsel, and followed it. No bishop could have suggested a wiser measure. Saul, also, unprompted by human lips, sought instruction from Jesus who had arrested him by the way, and followed it to the letter, though mortifying, and unauthorized by any Church formula with which he was acquainted. Providential calls are generally accompanied with the needful instructions, showing the divine forbearance and intention to save.

Still, it is the duty of individuals and associations of Christians to adopt some order of religious service for ordinary occasions. Not an unalterable one, because the Master has prescribed none, but one adapted to their condition and wants, as most denominations

have done. Nor one from which there can be little or no deviation without giving offense. The best forms for many occasions may be entirely inappropriate on others. Conductors of such services should, therefore, have a large discretion to dilate as circumstances may require. Because all forms are only means to an end, to wit, to obtain religion, or to manifest it to the honor of God, and win others to His love. If any regard them as religion itself, designed merely to square a little personal account they have with their Maker, and the Church, and looking to no spiritual improvement in themselves or others, the case is different. Adaptation is out of the question. It is not important what such services are, or whether they are performed in the language of the people, or in Latin. It is all the same to the blind worshiper, so long as he goes through with them. The work is done, the end reached, and he is ready to launch into sin again as before. But this is not the proper idea of religious worship, or service. Service, to be acceptable, must be understood, and be a proper expression of the worshiper's heart.

It must also aim to move others, and bring them to God. God has no interest in mere heartless ceremony. He abominates it, however magnificent to the eye of mortals. He will have mercy, and not sacrifice. Religious service should, therefore, be such as to express real heart-piety, its divine nature, power, and blessedness, and draw sinners to embrace it. Every event of Providence should be seized upon, and worked up to impress men with their duty and interest. Every new phase of experience—and Christians are constantly on the march of discovery and improvement—should be made to tell on the grand enterprise of saving souls. Hence, though it is right to have regular forms of worship, they should not be so inflexible as to hinder the work they ought to promote.

This is one advantage our Church has over some others; it has no rules and regulations to cripple individual action. It urges forward to the highest spiritual attainments, and gives unobstructed scope to that grace when acquired, without hindering the free operations of the masses of less attainments. God put it into the hearts of two little girls to visit a poor sick woman, and away they went at their first leisure, bearing precious gifts furnished by their mothers. These were presented with tender words, when they knelt and prayed only as children can pray when their hearts are right with their heavenly Father. The same girls, now a little older, conduct a prayer meeting, and seek to bring their schoolmates to Christ, and the Church rejoices to see them trying to do good. Certain ladies felt moved to do something for the conversion of heathen women men might never see. Carefully, and prayerfully they laid their plans, and commenced operations. A few, at first, had fears that they might collide with other similar interests, but they moved along, and are now a recognized power in our Missionary work. So it was with praying bands, in which we never took much personal interest, but they met a want, and have done much good. God bless them, and their work. Next came certain sisters who felt moved to preach. But the Discipline made no provision for their doing so. Still, as it says nothing against it they ventured out, and found plenty of hearers, and many converts for Christ, and nobody interfered. Others will possibly follow their example, and if they do good, the people will say amen. The association for the promotion of holiness was another specialty which created some alarm, but it has found friends in all ranks, and has done a world of good. It will have its day, whether long or short we cannot tell, and spiritual religion will be the gainer by it. We wish it, and all these other devices, the highest of them, and a thousand more that will come in their time, to its grand work of saving souls. If any are not exactly pleased, they can work in their own way without any interference. We have a broad field, and a great work to do, and need all the talents God has given us to accomplish it.

But all these schemes are specialties, and some object to them on this account. They prefer to do good in the ordinary way, to which no one will object. We are inclined so, too, and have used extras only in emergencies. This has been our notion in regard to all Church enterprises. Once we only had bishops enough to do strictly episcopal work, i. e. just enough to visit the Conferences. Now, we have more. It was our boast, too, that our benevolent collections were taken by the pastors, and cost nothing. Now we have multiplied our agencies very largely, thus much relieving the pastors, or better, perhaps, giving them special assistance, at more or less extra cost. We

do not say it is impolitic, but simply that we are making specialties on every side, official, as well as unofficial. But we do say that it is better to do this if we cannot make it go without.

As to making a specialty of holiness, or of revivals, there can be no question. Few get sanctified or converted under ordinary appliances. It is only when somebody takes hold of any object, and presses it upon the parties to be effected; in other words, makes a specialty of it, that it succeeds. The pastor may do it alone if he has power enough, or he may do it with all his people, or a part of them. Or they may call foreign help to their aid; but whatever way is preferred, the point to be gained must be made prominent for the time being, or it will not be carried. The less of foreign agency that is employed the better for the Church to be benefited. In doing the work themselves they develop as they could not in seeing others do it; and if they succeed in bringing some to the point they urge, they are doubly blessed. But some ministers and churches may need the aid of the praying band, or some other outside agency. If so they should have it. A little training from that quarter, may enable them to succeed in future by their own exertions.

It was our fortune to be a pastor in the early trial of "Four-day's meetings," and we held several of them, with much profit. But time and experience taught us to secure the result without them. Instead of calling the people of our own charge, and struck for the very thing desired, and made it the theme of every meeting, and of every day in the week, and of all occasions, as far as prudence would allow. The result was a continued revival, and monthly accessions to the Church. This was especially so in one Church where we opened our pastorate by announcing that every meeting we should hold during our stay would be for the promotion of revivals, and asking the people to co-operate accordingly. The result was a continuous revival, and some three hundred and twenty-five additions to the Church in two years, without extra meetings, and few backsliders. This was the best policy for that place, but might not do as well in another. But, here or there, if we will succeed, we must make a specialty of our object, and hold ourselves and friends to it with pious persistence.

This, however, is not exactly what we meant to say at the outset, but it may be better. But hoping that it may do good to somebody, and in some direction, we will let it pass, and try again when we have more time.

MUSIC AS A FINE ART.

BY PROF. J. K. PAINE.

LECTURER IN THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC OF BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

LAST ARTICLE.

"Music," says Schopenhauer, "does not express this or that single and definite joy, grief, pain, horror, triumph, or merriment, but joy itself, grief itself, and every emotion itself, in some degree abstractly, yet chiefly without any accessories, and without depending upon the motive, or cause of the emotion expressed."

I have pursued this theme far enough to show that music holds the unique position of being the most highly formal and structural on the one side; on the other, the most deeply emotional and subjective of the fine arts. This twofold, and almost dualistic character of music, accounts for the difference of opinion and aim that exists among its followers and lovers. The one class, represented by writers like Leibnitz, and more recently, Dr. Hänslick, find in music nothing more than the symmetrical play of form which affects our sensibility. The other class, represented by philosophers like Hegel, Vischer, Schopenhauer, and musical writers like Marx, Ambros, etc., look beyond, and recognize the profound spirituality of music. To one or the other of these two classes belongs every composer, performer, teacher, and student of music. In this connection it is fitting that I should assure the students now present that, in pursuing their studies in musical composition with me, more will be required of them than mere technical drill; my aim will be rather to impress them with the spiritual character of music. In the study of the strictest forms they will be expected to compose music, and not work out problems with the understanding alone. It is understood at the commencement that the student shall possess aptitude and zeal for his calling. Talented pupils, however, have been hampered, discouraged, and baffled by pedantic methods of theoretical study. Let us try to shun that path. Let us choose rather the attractive way leading to the rich and beautiful field of musical art that lies spread out before us so invitingly. The student should be assured that the forms of strict composition, as they are called, are capable of a thor-

oughly musical and beautiful treatment, as the works of Handel, Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn give witness; and that the Canon and Fugue are of more importance than to serve merely as an intellectual exercise. Moreover, the student should pursue the various forms of free composition, from the song to the sonata, not only by analysis of the works of the best masters, but likewise by synthesis. He should furnish numerous practical examples of his talent and skill in this branch. Even though he may not reach the apex of the art, he may still go far beyond his reasonable expectations. If he never wakes up some fine morning to find himself a great composer, yet, if he has enthusiasm, is willing to work, and be patient, he is almost sure of being acknowledged ultimately as a thorough musician and artist.

The rapid glance which we have taken of the historical development and esthetical character of music will suffice, I trust, to replace any plea that might be advanced as to the place that the higher study of music should occupy in the modern university.

In Europe music has held an honorable position for centuries in the principal universities, and numerous royal establishments of music have been founded to provide for the wants of the profession. A doubt seems to have existed in this country as to the worth of music as a branch of liberal education, judging by what has not been done by institutions of learning in America. We would almost be constrained to believe that our educated and influential classes, including even scholars and scientists, have held a small opinion of the importance of music as a means of the highest culture, and have been somewhat ignorant, I fear, of music as an intellectual, as well as esthetical and spiritual source of good. The various forms of counterpoint and fugue, the sonata and symphony, exercise in their structural process faculties of the mind in as intense a degree as does any branch of literature or science. And music belongs to that class of studies which discipline the mind to some further end than the mere exercise itself. As the highest studies inform the mind, so music informs, educates, and elevates the emotions, or soul—that part of our nature which is destined to live forever.

Surely the achievements of music are as precious to the highest interests of civilized life as anything that has been accomplished in literature or science. Music is the universal art, and the favorite art of the present time. It is the outgrowth of Christianity, and the handmaid of religion. It is associated with almost every event in life. It is heard at the wedding, the funeral, the festival, on the battle-field, at the grave; on every occasion of human happiness, solemnity, triumph, joy, and sorrow. And independently of all these associations it has its own sphere in public and private, where may be heard the immortal works of Handel, Bach, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and other great tone masters.

The wisdom that has led to the foundation of a college of music is worthy of the enlightened spirit of the times, and is a proof that the old-fashioned prejudice against the profession of music—a relic of puritanism or barbarism—has died out. A more important step to advance the interests of musical art in America could not have been taken; for while the public performances of the best music are indispensable to form the national taste, yet other steps should also be taken to provide for those who choose music as a profession, and who otherwise would have to finish their education in Europe. Henceforth the student need not make an expensive journey abroad, for here he will be able to pursue as thorough a course of study of the practical and theoretical branches of the art, as in Europe. To further this end, it is expected that besides the regular instruction, all the students in the college will have the following advantages open to them:—

1. Access to a complete library of works on musical history, biography, theory, aesthetics, etc., and the scores of medieval and modern masters.

2. Free admission to the best public performances of oratorio, opera, and instrumental music during the season. This privilege is of high importance to the student.

3. In connection with this department of the college, a series of historical concerts should be given, with a select chorus and orchestra, to illustrate the music of the various schools and epochs. Thus the student will become acquainted with the best specimens of the medieval church music of Josquin, Palestrina, Gabriella, and Orlando Lasco; the early operas by Monteverdi, Scazzati, Lully, Keiser, Purcell, and others; the Italian and English Madrigals of the 16th century; the Cantatas of Carissimi, Schutz, Handel, and Bach; the older instrumental music of the 17th and 18th centuries; and many neglected compositions in every branch of music. In this way the history of mu-

sic may be thoroughly illustrated, and a kind of gallery of musical art provided for the institution. Who can doubt that the College of Music, with such advantages, and a high standard of entrance and graduation, will contribute largely to the progress of musical art in this country?—a progress which must be effected chiefly through her native composers and artists.

SPEAK FOR JESUS EVERYWHERE.

A young lady entered a cheerless room in one of the lanes of our city, with a few articles of comfort for the poor sufferer, who had fallen from a building a few days previous, and with a broken limb, was stretched upon a bed of suffering. Daily this young lady visited this home of poverty, with supplies for the sick one and his family. She was a follower of Jesus, yet fearing the subject would not interest the sufferer, and hesitating how to approach him with the message of God's love, she waited, losing opportunities to speak for her Master.

One bright morning, as she placed her delicacies so temptingly beside the sick one, and the more substantial gifts were given to his family, surprise and grief filled her heart, as with tearful eyes the sufferer exclaimed, "Dear lady, I do think you must love the good Lord, to be so kind; may I make so bold as to ask if you do? I did not like to ask," he added, seeing her hesitancy, "but O, He is a blessed Master to serve, and I hope you have found it out." These words reminded her that she had failed to own her Lord; she had not acknowledged that she was working for Him, had not spoken boldly for Jesus, leaving results with Him. As she confessed her love for Jesus, and saw the brightened eyes and smiling face of the sick one, she resolved never again to fail in the duty and pleasure of speaking for the blessed Master. If we are wholly the Lord's, and our hearts are filled with love to Him, how can we fail to speak of this love? Too often, like this young lady, we forget to leave all results with the Lord; we wait for more strength, or more light, to speak aright, forgetting that the dear Saviour can bless our weakest endeavors, and make them redound to His glory, if we but ask for His strength to be made perfect in our weakness. L.

When some of his free-thinking friends reproached Goethe for wasting his time over the Bible, the poet responded: "I am convinced the Bible becomes more beautiful the more one understands it."

Mr. Gladstone recently, in distributing prizes to the pupils of the Liverpool College, took strong ground against the irreligious tendencies of the times, and instanced Strauss' career and final disbelief in God and a future life, as a sad warning.

The American Baptist Historical Society, at No. 530 Arch Street, Philadelphia, has 6,182 volumes, 651 historical manuscripts, 560 autograph letters, 543 likenesses of eminent Baptists, and a large number of views of Baptist public edifices.

Rev. George Gillfillan, of Dundee, in a public address at Glasgow, stated his belief that the Church of the future would have "a short creed, the main article of which would be Christ; free-will its financial basis; love its genius; and everlasting progress its motto."

Rev. Samuel Watson, whose recantation of his spiritualist views at the Memphis Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, will be remembered, withdrew from its ministry and membership, December 27. He claims he "misunderstood the engagements he made" at the Conference.

Antonio Mancini, editor of the *Voce della Verità*, a Catholic paper in Rome, addresses Mr. Van Meter in a strain of rebuke for coming so far to teach the Italians, and says: "Why don't you go back and teach in Nebraska or Texas? Ignorance and misery abound in your country, many hundreds of thousands of your compatriots know no other god than the almighty dollar! Let me tell you the truth—you are a nuisance!"

A late correspondent from Rome, writes the *Catholic Review* about Mr. Van Meter's school, "Would you believe, or any sensible person, that these children are taught, in English, to read the Bible?" and then proceeds, "I am told the books used are the Bible, Mother Hubbard's Life and Adventures, the History of Cock Robin, Biography of Bo-Peep, etc. It is enough to kill a cat to hear them roaring this stuff."

The reporter of the *Brooklyn Daily Union*, has been interviewing some of Brigham Young's followers in that city, who have made it, not a recruiting ground exactly for Mormonism, but a halting place for Old World emigrants en route for Salt Lake City. He found there were some two hundred or more abiding in the city, and two places of worship are maintained—one for the regulars and the other for the Josephites.

ZION'S HERALD SEMI-CENTENNIAL. JANUARY 9, 1873.

ADDRESS OF DR. F. H. NEWHALL.

Some enthusiastic journalist has said, "There is more wisdom in a number of *The Times*, than in a volume of *Thucydides*." It is a statement characteristic of our time, in conceit and exaggeration, yet there is a sense in which it is true. Suppose that there were extant a newspaper of the time of Solomon, or of Pericles, a written document which could tell us of Jerusalem or Athens, what an average daily paper tells us to-day of Boston or London, what historic volume do we know that would be so valuable as a picture of life? Let us know what was bought and sold, what was lost and found, what was eaten and drunk, what were the business, amusement, and worship, what the engrossing topic of thought and speech, in any land on any day, and the epoch could be reconstructed from the record of that day.

What the minstrel was in the heroic, and the forum in the classic age, the newspaper is to us to-day. But the song of the minstrel reached only a few hundreds, as he wandered; the voice of the orator spread to thousands; but the newspaper flies to millions. It has now become a necessity of social, moral, and intellectual life. How hard to imagine society, government, civilization, without it! Yet when the Pilgrims came to Plymouth, there was not a newspaper in the world. Elizabeth governed, Bacon philosophized, Hooker preached, and Shakespeare played, without ever seeing a newspaper. Yet it was less than two years after the Mayflower dropped anchor in Massachusetts Bay, that Nathaniel Butter published in England the first periodical newspaper now known, a quarto half sheet, in black letter. The history of the periodical newspaper thus runs parallel with that of our New England civilization. The parallel is most interesting and instructive. It is fit that this mighty instrument of the modern mind for diffusing thought and feeling among the millions, the instrument that was wielded like a sceptre by men like Defoe, and Swift, and Coleridge, over the masses of England, the most potent instrument ever devised for moulding public opinion, and unifying the multitudes into one body politic, it is fit, I say, that this mighty weapon of the soul should be forged just when a State was founded, built on the morals and intelligence of the masses, a State which should be for a continent the seed-plot of ideas.

When ZION'S HERALD came into existence, there was not a passenger railroad in the world. It is hard to realize that there is anybody living who can remember such a time, yet there are men sitting here who have come down from that Silurian epoch. Six years after that little speck fluttered forth into life, the first passenger train ran from Liverpool to Manchester. The history of ZION'S HERALD thus runs parallel with the history of those wonderful inventions in locomotion and diffusion of intelligence which have revolutionized civilization.

Napoleon had just died at St. Helena, and the earth was yet rocking from his tread, when the first HERALD appeared. But Napoleon could not move an army any faster than Alexander, or send a message any more quickly than Caesar. In the methods and machinery of locomotion there had been no essential improvement since the Pharaohs. In this half century of the life of ZION'S HERALD, there has been more real improvement in locomotion and the transmission of intelligence, than in forty centuries before. It sounds strange, but it is true: when Napoleon I. went down at Waterloo, the tidings were months on the air before they penetrated through all the nations that were convulsed by his name; but when Napoleon III. gave up his sword at Sedan, we all stood round him on the field.

An enterprising Boston publisher of 1719 informed his readers that by the enlargement of his paper he was enabled to give them news newer and more acceptable, so that now they would be able to know week by week what had transpired only five months before, in Europe. He flatters himself that his enterprise will be appreciated, since they are now thirteen months behind in foreign news. Yet such were the papers that were read by the men who have made Boston historic; such papers were set up by the Franklin Brothers.

I have no time, and you have no patience, to consider now how the newspaper has revolutionized literature, the machinery of government, all our habits of thought and action. It gives everybody the little learning which old-fashioned Pope thought so dangerous a thing; enables us all to talk fluently, at least a little while, on everything, from Darwinism to credit mobility; does our thinking for us on a thousand subjects on which, but for it, we should have no opinion whatever; if it does not make us profound, it certainly makes us ready and alert, which will serve many of life's purposes just as well; if it does not help us to be learned, it at least makes us intelligent. In our day a man crams science after science, writes profound treatises upon them, and forgets all that he has written, in the time that Horace allowed his poetic wine to ripen in the amphora, before he drew it for the critical taste of those slow Roman epicures. But, whether we will or no, here we are in a newspaper age, and the projectors of ZION'S HERALD were straightforward, practical men, who understood their time, and went about their work. The HERALD was the pioneer of Methodist periodical literature in this country, and it shows a remarkable foresight and enterprise on

the part of our fathers, that in this line of religious effort they were anticipated only six years by the oldest religious body in the land, which had been on the ground more than a century and a half before them. At that time we had not a denominational school of any kind in America, and I know of only one college graduate in our New England ministry. There seems to have been no available man who was capable of holding the editorial pen, for Mr. Forbes, who wrote the opening editorial, was a Congregationalist, not entirely in good odor among his own people, and therefore temporarily shelved, and willing to work cheap for the Methodists. Probably for this reason the first paper appears without any editorial name. Ah! had our chivalrous foe of the Lynn "Centuries" but heard from some malignant spirit how the HERALD was well-nursed by Congregationalism, Wise would have had to put a fresh nib on his pen!

From this humble beginning it went on under the editorship of Cotton, Badger, and Forbes, till August 27, 1828, when it had a list of 4,700 subscribers. But by this time our New York brethren had been stirred up by the example of New England, and had started the *Advocate*. After much discussion and deliberation, it was decided that there was not sufficient patronage for two papers, and that it was expedient to merge the two periodicals into one, and issue that from New York. Accordingly we find, in August, 1828, editorial articles from Dr. Fisk and Dr. Emery, announcing that the HERALD with all its subscription lists was sold out to the *Advocate*; and Sept. 5, 1828, we find the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL* and ZION'S HERALD, N. Bangs, and B. Badger, editors.

But New England was at once restive without its paper, for in a few months we find the *GOSPEL BALANCE*, issued at Boston, by Shipley W. Wilson and others, which, however, ran but a little while. In August, 1829, Aaron Lummus of the New England Conference, who had written quite extensively for the HERALD during its first year, issued his prospectus for the NEW ENGLAND HERALD, the first number of which appeared in the first part of October, 1829. At the next session of the several New England Conferences, this paper was adopted by them as their organ, they appointing a committee of superintendence. This committee suggested that the word "Christian" be inserted in the title, and accordingly we find, Sept. 1, 1830, "THE NEW ENGLAND CHRISTIAN HERALD," conducted by a Committee for the New England, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Its subscription list never reached 1000, and Brother Lummus sunk \$2000 in the enterprise. Then arose the BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION, which, July 20, 1831, bought out Brother Lummus, engaged T. Merritt and Wm. C. Brown as editors, and started the paper on the new career which it has run so prosperously ever since, first under the name which Brother Lummus gave it, then, after absorbing the *Maine Wesleyan Journal*, as the *HERALD AND JOURNAL*, and finally as ZION'S HERALD once more. To-day, then, we look back our fifty years of ZION'S HERALD, including thirteen months of suspended animation, from the last of August, 1828, to the first of October, 1829, although, during all that time its name appeared in connection with that of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*. Since 1831 it has been wholly independent of all Conference supervision, responsible only to this association of laymen.

The Boston Wesleyan Association, without securing the least pecuniary profit from this enterprise, or compensation for their services, often, on the other hand, being obliged to stand individually under heavy financial responsibilities, simply from love of the gospel as taught by Methodism, have for these last forty-two years maintained an independent Methodist paper in Boston. Be it also known, that, more than to any other cause, it is due to the energy, prudence, and faithfulness of FRANKLIN RAND, who put the best thirty years of his life into the HERALD, that it has been a financial success, and that, in consequence, this Association promises to do much greater things for the religious literature of the land.

As we glance over the files of these fifty years, it is, perhaps, no more than might be said of any live religious paper in the land, that we find here a series of faithful photographs of the great moral conflicts of the times. But it is also true that in these struggles the HERALD has generally been in advance, often leading the forlorn hope. For fifty years the trumpet of this HERALD has spoken terror to the hearts of the King's enemies. It has been surpassed by no paper in the land in its steady and fearless defense of the distinctive doctrines of the Cross. It has poured forth the deep stream of Christian experience over all these years, and over thousands of homes, rich and poor, the temple of Janus seemed to close. But Julius has passed the scepter to Augustus, whom God preserve!

Allow a lesson or two in conclusion. As we glance over these records, we see on the surface infinite traces of hard, dogged work; but, as we look beneath, we see this work to have been inspired by a steady, quenchless enthusiasm, caught from the heart of Christ. Tyndal traces all terrestrial forces to the sun; these moral forces all come from the Sun of Righteousness. Ambition doubtless did much, sectarian zeal and pride of opinion perhaps more, but still, if these hosts of workers, known and unknown, could have formulated in a line the secret of their amazing activity and success, it would have been the ex-

pression of Paul, "The love of Christ constraineth us." Again; our American Methodism has hitherto, year by year, been wrestling with the present, and has had little leisure to look on. Its literature has sprung from emergencies, and has generally faded with those emergencies. These ancient controversies are vanished ghosts, save as evoked by the studios historian. So, soon, will it be with most of the controversies of to-day. But there are also truths that belong to the whole Church, to all time, and there is a literature in which such truths get crystallized for ages. We have very little of such literature as yet, but is it not time?

Our administrators do well to answer the calls of the present, though Thomson wrote lines that the future also will read, but all are not called to administer. Some should have patience and faith to discover and set new gems for the faith of Truth, of the Church Universal.

Again; we have here recounted successes, victories, triumphs. But there have also been mistakes, retreats, defeats. It is allowable now to speak of the grave errors of our historic men. They were so good and wise that they would rejoice, if present with us to-day, to have their errors made a lesson to their children. And one of these lessons is, "Always trust the truth." Our great administrators, like Hedding and Fisk, were sometimes fearful that if the whole truth were spoken, frankly and fearlessly, it would explode the ecclesiastical machinery; and our great reformers, like Waters and Scott, could not wait for Truth to assert her majestic might. So some of our venerated administrators wasted their energies in striving to throttle the volcano, while many of our admired and beloved reformers have died broken-hearted.

Had brave men, like Scott, been braver, and wise men, like Fisk and Hedding, been wiser, the Church might have saved the State, and the stain of American Slavery would not have been wiped out in blood. Had the Methodist Church done all her duty, our civil war had never been; but perhaps this is too much to ask of human nature.

The arguments for lay representation which have just prevailed, were all spread out before the Church at the General Conference of 1872. But the HERALD's first decade strenuously opposed the reform which its last decade has advocated. Yet the arguments were just as good in 1824 as in 1868. Why could not the Church have heard them then, and saved the Protestant Methodist secession? Orange Scott stood in 1840 just where every Methodist stood in 1860. Could he have waited ten years, or the Church have leaped forward ten years, there would have been no Wesleyan Methodist Church founded. But on the other hand, perhaps the Church needed the stern lessons of these secessions in order to open her eyes. Perhaps these secessions were the inevitable throes of development. Perhaps we are to look upon the many good and true men who followed Waters from 1830 to 1840, and Scott from 1840 to 1850, as martyrs to the cause of the truth, as sacrifices on the altar of the Church. Let us at this hour remember them with tenderness and charity.

We may also learn that probably even we have not yet entered into all the truth. There are new discoveries yet to be made, both in polity and doctrine, which wise men will watch for in prayerful earnestness. Our creed and our polity, if living, each will grow, like the body, to meet new and enlarging demands of the soul; if dead, it will cramp like a coffin. May the Church and the HERALD live forever!

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FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY REV. MARK TRAFFORD.
Sing to me to-night the praise of those
Who dared new measures to propose,
Speaking their thoughts to friends and foes,
And Boston notions show;
Boston, a comely village small,
Slightly mentioned, if at all,
Mere hamlet built round "Funnel Hall,"
Some fifty years ago.
Then, the "Old South," and "Park Street"
filled
The field entire, and all well filled
By learned laborers, richly skilled
Error's rank weeds to show;
When stern decrees armed cap-a-pie,
Bearing Geneva's heraldry,
Threw down the gantlet bold and free,
Full fifty years ago.

'What is, or can be, was ordained,
'None can, or have a right obtained,'
'This dogma now is not maintained,'
'To blissful bowers to go;
'Except the elect, the chosen few,
'Beastless grace their hearts renew.'
And then, fifty years ago.

Methodist Alley! bless the spot!
With rising zeal, was getting hot,
And often sent a crashing shot
Into the boasting foe;
Feeble and few in numbers, still
Right bold in heart, and strong in will,
Faithful their mission to fulfill,
Then, fifty years ago.

Poor, and unknown, that noble band,
With scarce a claim to foot of land,
Bearing the heretic's foul brand,
They wandered to and fro;
For them, no lofty spire uprears;
No college, sounding honors brings,
No doctors learned, to mix up things,
Then fifty years ago.

Their pulsant foes as thickly stood
As saplings in the crowded wood;
From press and pulpit poured a flood,
Of purgatorial woe.
Those days of polemic strife;
Of hot disputes, the times were rife;
Dogmas disguised the higher life,
Then, fifty years ago.

But men must think, and thought thought
breeds;
Thought breeds purpose, purpose deeds;
Thus, those brave heroes on their steeds,
Fast galloped to and fro;
Loud, full, and clear their trumpets blew,
While dead men started into view,
Full fifty years ago.

But yet for them no help was found,
To till and watch the teeming ground,
And off the tares were scattered round,
Among the wheat to grow.

Then, Boston saw a steady sight,
One winner's morn, moon after light—
A winged HERALD, all beblight,
Just fifty years ago.

In flowing robes, that reached his heels,
Self-mown, like the prophet's wheels,
His long horn blew such appeals,
As startled all below;

The warbler hurries to the walls,
The strong portcullis thundering falls,
While knights polemic, cry, "who calls?"
Just fifty years ago.

I was some faces turned sky-blue;
Some doubters said, "it can't be true!"
Some flying, cry, "it's lost-perdue!"
"The deluge next will flow!"

But still, the sun rose as before,
The billows beat the sounding shore,
While ZION her first HERALD bore,
Just fifty years ago.

Poor bantering! swathed in winter's snows,
Whose sponsor, one, who hardly knows
Whether he's on his head or toes—
An outcast here below;

His coat, Geneva cut; his purse
Was light; he thought he might do worse,
Than take this Methodist child to nurse,
Just fifty years ago.

But oh, such pap! Heaven forefend!
Our modern brains now reel and bend,
As toiling, pausing, to ascend,
Heights, which, to him were low.

His shots fell like the rattling hail,
Vain was the foe's man's boasted mail;
He smashed the man of straw with fail,
Then, fifty years ago.

He roared, wrapped in the Lion's skin,
No matter what he hid within,
He had his pay, was bound to win,
Or on the field lie low;

'Twould spread a smile o'er Wesley's face,
This strange conjunction here to trace,
Arminian years, with "points of grace,"
Then fifty years ago.

See Kingsbury on the tripod then,
In sooth, he held a manly pen,
But lost in "New Jerusalem" fen,
He lingers still below;

But when he rises, 'tis our prayer
No bitter portion he may share,
Than edit ZION'S HERALD there—
As here, so long ago.

But ah! this line we may not trace,
Nor here unveil each noble face
Who in this editorial race,
Their places once did show;

Enough, each topper leaves a name;
That tongue that has power to inflame
The heart with hopes of rising fame,
Since fifty years ago.

Stevens and Wise rise out of sight,
Haven and Cobleigh, on their flight,
While Gilbert folds his wings to light
On Mount Episcopate;

Peirce rises on exultant wings,
'Excelsior,' triumphantly sings,
More than the promise richly brings
Of fifty years ago.

We've sung of some who drove the quill;
Behind are heroes greater still,
Those faithful men who turned the mill,
And caused the grist to flow;

For what are fingers on the keys,
If the old bellows scarce can wheeze?
Manipulate them as you please,
'Tis vain, with none to blow.

Ah! though long years we've seen him sit,
Sometimes in deep abstraction's fit,
Guessing at what some one had writ,
Or balance good to show;

And never mother doled more
On a dear child, than he, when o'er
The HERALD's face his eyes would pore,
Since fifty years ago.

This hardly is a time for tears,
Yet, when that tall, worn form appears,
I hear a ringing in my ears,
As if the floods would flow.

Neither forgotten, nor forlorn!
Hail Rand! Old friend, come take a horn,
And blow a blast, as in life's morn,
Now fifty years ago.

Yet rest, my friend, there is slight need,
Since the old HERALD flies with speed,
To call the world to try our Weed—
Imported broad we show;

Though scarcely in he's got a hand,
He's sent more Bishops through the land,
Than the quadrennial's grim command,
Since fifty years ago.

But list! who's knocking at the door?
What forms come striding o'er the floor?
Our HERALD's sons, a half a score—
Our Advocates we show;

New York still sends the honored line,
Our mother's loving sons combine,
With honor's wreath her brows to twine,
Born fifty years ago.

Farewell! I see the coming years;
More glorious still her form appears,
Triumphant over foes and fears,
To richer conquests go;

Fifty years hence, in loftier lays
Another bard shall sing her praise,
Telling of still more prosperous days,
Than fifty years ago.

MAYOR KINGSBURY.
Hon. Benjamin Kingsbury, Mayor of
Portland, who was editor for two years,
1834-6, was next announced. He spoke
of the pleasure with which he had re-

ceived an invitation to be present here, and it had carried him back thirty years to the time when he and his little wife went to the old Bromfield Street Church. She from her sick bed had told him to come here and present her love to any of her old friends whom he might meet. This occasion reminded him of the flight of time, of the change from the black hair and new energy of young manhood to gray hair and old age. Many he had known then had gone, some to a better land. He had hoped to see his old coadjutor, Brother Abel Stevens, here, whom he had known so well at Wilbraham, and some reminiscences of him and of his own Methodist and editorial life, Mayor Kingsbury gave, speaking especially of Hedding and others whom he had heard fifty years ago. As for ZION'S HERALD, he believed he wrote for it earlier than any other man here, for there would be found in the HERALD in the time of Mr. Forbes some articles signed "B. K.," written when he, the speaker, was twelve years of age, and there too, would be found his first and only poetical effusion. One of his articles was an attack on Unitarianism, signed "B. K.," to which a Unitarian clergyman responded in the *Christian Register*, quoting Hebrew and Greek. The speaker then did fancy work with the broom at the rooms of the A. B. C. F. M., and he got Dr. Beecher to supply him with the necessary quotations, and

it was not until after several articles on both sides were published that the story got out, and the Unitarian brother was vanquished.

The speaker (Mayor Kingsbury) spoke at some length of the great public topics which had occupied his attention while he was editor, such as temperance and slavery. He told how he had cherished his volumes of ZION'S HERALD, and had placed them for preservation in the public library, and closed with an earnest expression of his fervent faith in the Saviour, and his belief that they should meet in the hereafter as brothers, though he might now be of another denomination.

DR. WISE.
Rev. Dr. Daniel Wise, who was editor from 1852 to 1856, was next called upon, and opened by relating several pleasant anecdotes, and arguing that ZION'S HERALD had a history that needed not to be ashamed of, radical on some points, conservative on others, standing up for truth everywhere and always. Among other things it prepared the way for the final success of the lay delegation principle, and he hoped it would live long enough to write all our epitaphs.

DR. DEXTER.
The chairman spoke of the editors of other denominational papers present, and introduced Rev. Dr. Henry M. Dexter, who was received with hearty applause. He was here as the representative of the old *Boston Recorder*, fifty six years old, the *New England Puritan*, which used to have something to say about the iron wheel of Methodism, and the *Congregationalist*. He humorously alluded to the part Congregationalists had in regard to the early history of the HERALD, and then proceeded to speak feelingly of the spirit of Christian brotherhood which was growing up more and more between different denominations. He closed with expressing his best wishes for the future success of the HERALD, and the hope that we might all meet where even so good a thing as a religious paper would not be needed.

DR. OLMSTEAD.
Rev. Dr. Olmstead, of the *Watchman & Reflector*, was warmly welcomed, and said that he was in "close communion" with the occasion. He could not forget that his father had named him after John Wesley, and that his brother, De Witt Clinton Olmstead, was Presiding Elder on the Wyoming District. Not being in perfect health to-night he would not say much, and he gracefully closed by expressing the best wishes for the ZION'S HERALD, and the noble denomination to which it belonged.

DR. WARREN.
Rev. Wm. F. Warren, Dean of the School of Theology of Boston University, was announced, and hailed with applause. His speech, an able one, was chiefly devoted to showing the debt of gratitude that the religious educational institutions owed to the religious press for generous assistance. Throughout the history of the HERALD the general tendency was in favor of progress in that respect, and the editors deserved all the honors that could be bestowed upon them for their support of theological education. They had created a sentiment among the people that could have been created in no other way. It had ably interpreted the signs of the times in the past, and he hoped it would continue to do so till the end of time.

After the singing of a hymn, the chairman expressed pleasure at the presence of the representatives of the Baptist and Congregationalist newspapers, and reciprocated their kindly fraternal greetings. The proceedings closed with the benediction by Rev. Dr. Dexter.

A generous collation of ice cream, cake, and coffee was passed around among the assembled company, and after an hour or so passed in conversation, the guests one by one departed, and the hours of an exceedingly agreeable and pleasant occasion were over.

CHRONOLOGY OF ZION'S HERALD.
ZION'S HERALD had as its first editor in 1823, the Rev. John R. Cotton. He was succeeded by Mr. Barber Badger, who soon gave way to Mr. G. V. H. Forbes, who held the editorial chair for four years, until the paper was transferred to New York. In July, 1831, the Wesleyan Association purchased it. Under the new administration its first editors were William C. Brown and T. Merritt, who remained only one year.

Rev. Shipley Wells Wilson and Rev. S. Osgood Wright, from June, 1832, to November, 1832; Rev. S. W. Wilson, from November, 1832, to June, 1834; Benjamin Kingsbury, from July, 1834, to August, 1836; William C. Brown, from August, 1836, to January, 1841; Rev. Abel Stevens, L. D., from January, 1841, to July, 1852; Rev. Daniel Wise, D. D., from January, 1852, to July, 1856; Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., from January, 1856, to July, 1863; Rev. N. E. Cobleigh, D. D., from January, 1863, to July, 1867; Bishop Gilbert Haven, from January, 1867, to July, 1872.

The following letters, illustrating the spirit of scores of others, received by the same mails, were read on the occasion:—

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 3, 1873.
It would afford me very great pleasure to assist in crowning our stalwart old HERALD—ZION'S pioneer Methodist trumpet on this continent—with honor; but my engagements for the week to come do not admit of my coming to Boston. The names you mention are a sure guarantee of a good time. By the by, I am glad, as he starts out on his second half century of service, that the HERALD's lungs are to be enlarged. Long may he blow. Truly,
W. S. STUDLEY.

COLLINSVILLE, Conn., Jan. 8, 1873.
Your invitation to old-time readers to write to the office on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of ZION'S HERALD, prompts me to say a few words. The light of the HERALD first fell on me at the Seminary in Maine, in 1841. Since 1843 I have been a constant reader of its richly-furnished pages. Its visits have always brought gladness. I have doubled circulation in some of my charges, for I know it to be an eloquent messenger of Christ. I have several volumes of it bound, though in its former large style. For most of the time, during these thirty years, during which I have been a subscriber, the paper has been carefully preserved. If anything my pen has contributed to its pages has made it more useful, I am thankful for the privilege of speaking through its columns. With all its editors, from the date above mentioned, I have a personal acquaintance, and hold them, each and all, in high esteem and grateful remembrance. The Church owes much for the efficient services rendered while filling the office, as well as in many other important positions assigned them by the providence of God. Unable to be present, I send my "God-send" to ZION'S HERALD, and join my prayer with thousands for the special blessing on all the editors—Stevens, Haven, Wise, Cobleigh, Haven, Peirce. May the HERALD be more and more a power for good, to the end of time.
Yours very truly,
F. A. CRAFTS.

P. S. I am glad you have adopted the new form, and increased the size.
F. A. C.

NEWTON CENTRE, Jan. 6, 1873.
I notice by our last HERALD that the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of ZION'S HERALD is to be recognized, on the evening of the 9th of January, 1873, at Wesleyan Hall. You invite friends of the HERALD, from the country, to be present on that occasion. I claim to be one of its friends in the country, and should be present with you, on that occasion, were it not for returning home, so late in the evening, at that season. ZION'S HERALD has been a welcome visitor, for a long time, to me and my family. Whether I had the first number, or not, I am not certain; but I remember that, while teaching a district school in Dorchester in 1824, the year that Lafayette was the guest of our country, I was accustomed, on Saturdays, frequently to call on Brother Sias, in Boston, and get the HERALD. How long before the spring of that year I took, I cannot now remember—probably some time. I think there has been no interruption in its friendly visits since my first subscription; and I think there will be none, while I can see or hear its welcome pages read.

For twenty-two and a half years, from 1824 to 1847, the HERALD was a reading-book for my school one day in every week, when I allowed my school to select their reading for these occasions; and the HERALD came in for a full share. Many years I had it bound, and a number of these volumes were literally worn out by my scholars. I hope ZION'S HERALD will continue to bless the Church with its holy influence, until the Lord's Zion shall encircle the earth.
A well-wisher for Zion,
MARSHALL S. RICE.

NATICK, Jan. 8, 1873.
I saw not long since a brief history of the origin of the HERALD; and the names of four were Methodist preachers, who agreed to aid in sustaining it. Two only are now living, S. Norris and J. Jenkinson; and we feel we are "brushing the dew from Jordan's banks, the crossing must be near." The brief history closed by adding, "We have no doctors of divinity in these days." It occurred to me what Father Spencer, an old Methodist preacher living in East Hartford, Conn., said. Being in the city one day, he was asked by a good Orthodox deacon, "Brother Spencer, why don't your Church have doctors of divinity in it?" "O," said the shrewd old man, "our divinity ain't in for a full shot. Many years ago, we have no doctors of divinity in these days, for we have many. O, Lord, bless our dear brothers in the Church with a double portion of the Holy Spirit!"

I have subscribed for the HERALD every year, and read weekly, more or less, its issues with pleasure and profit. May its future be more successful than the past. That it may be so, let us pray the spirit of the fathers of old-fashioned Methodism may revive in the Church, mingled with some of the modern improvements. Let us away with the vain and foolish fashions of the day, and be clothed with a meek and quiet spirit, which is of great price. Brother Steele gave us, in the HERALD last week, a good example of the kind of preaching we must have in these days of infidelity and crime, to make the Felix tremble. Sinners are advancing rapidly and boldly in the broad road to ruin. It is our duty to warn them faithfully and lovingly to flee to Jesus, and escape the wrath to come. I read this morning the 34th Psalm, and was much blessed in family devotion. May the whole Church of God become holy. Amen.
ISAAC JENKINSON.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 6, 1873.
On the 9th inst. your fiftieth anniversary is to be recognized. Were it possible, I would gladly be with you upon the occasion. Fifty years ago I was a youth in your city. Methodism at that time was looked upon as a deformed child; by prudent men it has become a giant in the land—it is proportionally fair. Though long a resident of this, my adopted city, I have been your constant subscriber; and I have watched, with constantly increasing interest, the progress of Methodism in the land of my fathers. Glory be to God for the wonders He hath wrought during these fifty years! Nor will I cease to pray for you that God may enable you and your successors to continue to hold up the HERALD as the beacon-light of New England—the reflector of all that is true in theology, and sound and safe in morals.
I am, with great respect, your brother in the Lord,
S. S. STEVENS.

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 30, 1872.
Your favor of Dec. 20, inviting me to attend the fiftieth anniversary of ZION'S HERALD, on the 9th proximo, is received. Am just returned from New York via Cleveland, Indianapolis, Louisville, etc., and narrowly escaped death in the crash of cars on Friday morning last, at about 4 o'clock. A broken rail sent all but the engine down an embankment fifteen feet among rocks and rubbish, and capsized. None were killed, many injured, but few unhurt. I hope no serious permanent injury will follow in my case. I am badly bruised—no bones broken, but I am full of aches and soreness. A heavy knock on the back of my head did not increase my sense or vitality. This, besides other injuries, will prevent my being present. Accept thanks for remembrance on

The Orient Springs Health Institute
Is located near the town of Amherst, Mass., for the treatment and cure of Paralysis in all its forms. Spinal Diseases, Contracted Cords and Limbs, Crooked Feet and Hands, Enlarged Joints, Wry Neck, Curvatures of the Spine, Hip Diseases, Rickets, St. Vitus' Dance, and all deformities; Neuritis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Kidney Diseases, Goiters, Convulsions, Diseases of the Brain, Heart and Lungs, Cancer, Hysteria, etc. Apply to **GEORGE W. RHODES, M.D., Amherst, Mass.,** or to **E. F. FAXON** Agent for the Institute, No. 1 Pemberton Sq., Boston.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Springfield (Vt.) District Ministerial Association, at Hartford, Jan. 28
New Bedford District Preachers' Meeting, at Pleasant Street, New Bedford, Feb. 3-5
Kennebunk District Preachers' Meeting, at Kennebunk, N. H., Feb. 12, 13
Dover District Ministerial Association, at Dover, N. H., Feb. 12, 13
Fall River District Conference, at the First Church, Fall River, Feb. 24

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JAN. 23, 1873.

EDUCATION OF COLORED PREACHERS.

We are glad Dr. E. O. Haven, the secretary of our Board of Education, is making an extended visitation of the Southern Conferences. He will learn, by personal contact and conversation, the exact condition, as to mental development and training, of the ministers now chiefly supplying Biblical and spiritual instruction to our colored membership in that portion of the Union. In conversation lately with a very intelligent colored minister of our Church at the North, and with a professor in one of our institutions, who has lately been in familiar intercourse with a judge of the United States Court, whose circuit has embraced several of our Southern States, we have received an additionally stronger impression of the probable evil consequences that must result from the prevailing lack of the most ordinary education and mental culture, on the part of a large number of the members of these Southern Conferences.

The effect upon the legislation of the Southern States of inexperience and ignorance has been painfully evident since the war. Our new citizens have, many of them, been made the dupes of designing men from the North, or the victims of their own unrestrained appetites and passions. The effect must be more serious in the management of Church organizations. The colored people have been proverbially religious. Their helpless outward condition has made them prize the comforts of inward communion with God, and the enjoyment of such simple outward means of grace as they were permitted to establish among themselves. Their religion has been sincere; saints, like "Uncle Tom," have not been rare among them. Singularly clear and positive views of the experimental work of the Holy Spirit have been apprehended and illustrated in meek and gentle and trusting lives, amid bitter external trials and sorrows. But piety with them has been largely emotional, not a little visionary, attended with much bodily exercise, and often lacking the foundation of an intelligent apprehension of scripture truth, and the simplest principles of morality.

They have, heretofore, enjoyed, in a degree, the instructions of educated white ministers; but naturally enough they turn away from those who had held so forbidding a relation to them as owners and masters, and seek, with a newly-relished freedom, the unrestrained liberties of their own voluntarily chosen religious teachers. Their preachers, as general fact, are but little, if any, in advance of their hearers, in education. They cannot read their Bibles, many of them, or write their own names. They are sincere, have a well-defined religious experience, perhaps, a ready and flowery delivery, and understand, better than other persons, the character and tastes of their audiences. But these men, a great proportion of them, upon whom, in the serious pressure of the work, episcopal hands have been laid, and who have been thrust out into the field to gather and establish churches, are utterly illiterate, uneducated, and on a more limited scale, than that it is hurried beyond the providential provision that can be secured. Christ did not make haste, although the world was in peril. He came in the "fulness of time," and waited until he reached the legal age, before he commenced his evangelical labors.

There is no interest of the Church at the South more vital at this moment than its educational. Its seminaries for the training of ministers merit the fullest sympathy and the largest gifts of our people. They embody the success and permanence, with God's blessing, of the Southern work. Public schools, by the States, by the Peabody fund, and through the agency of such societies as our Freedmen's Aid, are being established in various portions of these States. The children of the next generation have a fair opportunity of securing a limited amount of education. Holding, as the colored people do, the balance of political power, we cannot be too earnest in pressing the matter of common school education among them. Neither the choice of magistrates, nor the offices of government can be safely intrusted to ignorant men. But the leaders of the people, the teachers of public morals, and of a pure religion, must be men of some cultivation. When the slave was shut up to God, the Divine compassion vouchsafed to appear to him in visions and manifestations, as He did to the ancients before the Scrip-

tures were collected; but God never passes out of established laws when they are available. We owe, as a nation, to these people, the training, at any expense, of which they have been deprived, for which they are now suffering, and which God demands for them at our hand.

The introduction of a larger element of utterly uneducated preachers into the Conferences, can but be attended with evil results. Men from the North, a few well-trained men, can work with, as helpers and exhorters, many of the warm-hearted but illiterate men who have the gift of speaking, and the grace of piety. But let not these utterly un-fitted brethren be hurried into ministerial orders and burdened with solemn responsibilities that they cannot meet.

We shall look with great interest to the report of his visit which Secretary Haven may make upon his return, and be ready to afford all the influence of our paper to him and to Dr. Rust in the work of training skillful laborers for this interesting portion of the Master's vineyard.

THE TRIAL OF HUMANITY.

The Berean Lessons for the year upon which we have just entered, bring before our Sunday-schools, and especially their adult departments, some of the grave problems that are now vexing the public mind. We have no wish to avoid them, but are rather glad of the opportunity of meeting them. We heartily believe that investigation rightly conducted will lead to the intelligent apprehension of the truth, and that science, so far as it is able to speak with clearness, will confirm the Mosaic record.

The lessons for January, conduct us into the earliest account of the entrance of sin into the world, the only account which sheds light upon the fact of universal human sinfulness. The whole Bible is constructed in accordance with the literal exactness of the account. It is connected with the promise of redemption, the thread upon which the entire Old Testament is strung, and the key to the facts and doctrines of the New. Begin at the last verse of the Bible, and follow backward, step by step the idea of salvation, and we come to the promise made to our first parents in Eden. The promise must have had an occasion, and the occasion which had so marked an effect upon the councils of God and the history and relations of man, is found only in the transgression of our first parents.

But right here spring up questions which have more or less occupied the mightiest minds. Not only is skeptical thought exceedingly busy in its array against the view of them which connects itself with the Christian system, but its friends are by no means slack or indolent in their endeavors to solve the mysteries which lie back of the recorded facts. Mysteries they are likely to remain, but the very constitution of the human mind impels the attempt to penetrate them. We cannot be content with bare facts. It is not in human nature. In science, no sooner are facts obtained than we attempt their classification, and begin to infer their laws. We find the fact of sin, and the added fact of its entailment upon the race, with all its results of wretchedness and woe. We inevitably ask, why this sin? where was its origin and what its cause? why the commandment? why the possibility of sin? why should a Being of infinite goodness, create a universe in which such calamities and wretchedness are possible? If he could have prevented them, why did he not? and if he could not have created a universe in which evil would be impossible, why create at all?

As these lessons have induced this line of thought, the mastery work of Dr. Laurens P. Hickok* that made its appearance, early in the late autumn, has recurred to our mind, the purpose of which is to shed some light upon these inquiries, and present the full idea of Humanity in a history commencing with man's creation, and continuing to the end of time. If we ask, why the possibility of sin? his reply is, the nature of the case, because of man's competency to attain moral character, which is possible only through trial and discipline. God saw fit to give man the endowment of a rational spirit, by which he stands at the head of the animal kingdom, and is enabled to pursue an end of life which other sentient beings cannot attain. "It is no matter of choice, but necessity in the case itself, that humanity must be fully tested, since veteran courage and inflexible integrity can be gained and established, only through the discipline of sore temptation and intense opposition. . . . The first necessity for the newly created humanity is a fairly arranged discipline for the trial in virtue." The view commends itself by its reasonableness. It explains the reason of the prescription of a law which administers a test to the integrity of our first parents. It teaches that God was moved by no arbitrary purpose, but that His counsels were governed by the highest reason.

Nor was the method of the trial prescribed solely from the sovereign will of the Creator. There are certain principles that of necessity direct in it, such as that the trial must be early imposed, and not allowed to come up fortuitously; it must put the questions of obedience and disobedience, squarely in opposition; it must be attended with a clear, plain announcement beforehand of the consequences of transgression; and a passing the ordeal must be a condition of future bliss. These

principles we find controlling the trial. The command was imposed at the outset; the test was in the subject of appetite to conscience; the consequences of disobedience were clearly declared. As the trial was a necessity, the arrangement was thus made the best for a favorable issue.

There was no sin in seeing that the forbidden fruit was good for food, or that it might make one wise, or in feeling a moving of the appetite for it, or in being the subject of a tempting solicitation. The tempter was responsible for his endeavor to inflame appetite and stifle conscience; the tempted in allowing conscience to be stifled, reason to be blinded, hard thoughts of God indulged, and then obligation and duty to be trampled upon. A careful analysis of the narrative plainly exhibits the operations of the woman's mind, and shows her sin to have been entirely her own. The trial failed, but through no faults of God. Destruction is averted only by the publication of a plan of redemption, whose gradual providential unfolding is in part narrated in Genesis. Dr. Hickok's volume may profitably be read in connection with these studies, as an aid to an understanding of the mystery of sin and redemption.

FAITH FOR DEFINITE BLESSINGS.

BY REV. DANIEL STEELE, D. D.

It took four thousand years to unroll the scroll of the sacred Scriptures, "to import God into knowledge," in the phrase of Dr. Bushnell. The patriarchal and Jewish dispensations were occupied by the disclosure and inculcation of the divine unity upon one nation amid surrounding polytheism. To have taught the trinal personality of God before the firm establishment of His oneness of substance might have oversteered mankind in the period of their early theological pupillage. The first words taught to every child in the Jewish nursery for more than three thousand years, are these: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God." Faith in this truth, such as inspired obedience, was saving under the dispensations before Christianity. It is saving now to all who have no higher revelation. What need, then, have we of any clearer and more definite manifestation of the nature of God? Why should He reveal the unthinkable fact of His threefold personality, and require our faith to mount to heights so far above reason? This is a question which the Angels might well approach with bashful tread. It is certain that He has not taken me into His councils. Here I walk by faith. Faith says that the higher revelation of God, and the new requirement of faith in the Trinity, proceed from the gracious purpose to bestow richer blessings upon the believer in a dispensation "rather glorious."

Such is the nature of the human soul, and probably of all finite spirits, that faith creates and measures its capacity for spiritual good. By this gateway alone does God enter. Hence it follows that He would make an advanced revelation of Himself, requiring a higher preaching of faith, when He should purpose to fill us with His fullness. It will not now be sufficient to believe in one God, as do the trembling demons. The Son of God, Jesus Christ, in His offices of Prophet or Teacher, Priest and King, and the Holy Ghost, as our Regenerator, Spirit of Adoption, and Sanctifier, must be specifically grasped by our faith. Hence we should look for little spirituality where these distinctive truths of the Gospel are little preached, and for much spiritual power and deep religious experience where they are distinctly taught and received with the least intermixture of error, and without disproportionate emphasis upon ritualism. Church history will sustain this assertion. There is always a spiritual decline whenever Christ and the Holy Spirit have a secondary place in preaching; and there is always a revival when the "whole counsel of God," the Father, Son, and Spirit, is faithfully presented in the pulpit. Of many individual believers it may be truthfully said that their spiritual life is feeble and sickly because they fail to grasp Christ and the Comforter in all their distinct offices. Thousands are faintly moving, with languid steps, along the heavenward path, who might run with gladness, surmounting every obstacle and overthrowing every foe by their resistless momentum, if they would only persistently endeavor to "know the exceeding greatness of Christ's power to usward who believe." Thousands of sincere souls are harassed and weakened by perpetual doubts, simply because they do not render due honor to the third person of the Trinity by trusting Him to do the work of His office, certifying their sonship by "the spirit of adoption." They do not stir themselves up to take hold of this blessed assurance, and to insist that the divine seal be impressed upon them by the Holy Ghost. They live in constant disregard of the second pungent inference from Wesley's sermon on the Witness of the Spirit, "Let none rest in any supposed fruit of the Spirit without the witness." The natural consequence of this absence of "the Spirit of adoption, crying in their hearts, Abba, Father," is a perpetual oscillation between hope and fear, sorrowful singing,—

"WHAT HINDERS?"

The Methodist Recorder (Wesleyan) of Dec. 20, contains an interesting editorial under the title of, "The present position of Wesleyan Methodism." This title is the subject of a pamphlet, just issued by a Wesleyan member of Parliament—William Shepherd Allen, esq., to the writing of which his able and honored author had devoted the vacation which followed the last session of the British Parliament. The editor, very naturally, considers it a hopeful sign of the times when statesmen devote the intermissions from their public duties to such studies and labors as this.

We have not seen the tract, but shall hope to have it sent to us that we may allude to it more in detail. Our knowledge of its contents is only gleaned from this short review of it. The author, it appears, had been permitted personally to witness and enjoy a remarkable manifestation of the power of God in connection with the earnest and prayerful use of the ordinary means of grace. In one year the membership of a circuit embracing his residence was about doubled. The devout and untiring author sees no reason why such a work might not be enjoyed throughout the land, and "the palmist days of old Methodism" return again.

He thinks he finds the cause of the apparent powerlessness of the great Wesleyan Church with all its ministers, chapels, officers, and over three hundred and sixty thousand members, "in the neglect of out-door preaching, in the style of modern sermons, in the want of earnestness, in the lack of aggressiveness, in conformity to the world, in the rage for respectability, in the dearth of revivals, and in the restraining of prayer."

He urges and illustrates all these points with great fullness and vigor. Particularly, he presses the importance of out-door preaching among the masses that never darken the doors of a church. He criticises severely the substance and manner of modern discourses, and pleads for directness, manliness, earnestness, simplicity, and spontaneity of emotion and affection. He is particularly impressive as to the duty and power of prayer, and sees in its restraint one great element of the spiritual impotency of the Church.

These are very practical suggestions. Would that our Christian senators and representatives would consider them. At least, it will be well in this hour, that the whole Church should ask the question, what is the "missing link" in evangelical work?

"It is a point I long to know:
Oh! it bringeth anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I His, or am I not?"

Instead of this they might be exultingly singing,—

"O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee:
Covered is my unrighteousness;
Nor spot of guilt remains on me;
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries."

I am convinced that this unsatisfactory and unmethodistic experience, too prevalent in our churches, is chargeable in part to the failure of our preachers to specialize this blessing, the common privilege of all believers. Hear Mr. Wesley,—"Generally wherever the gospel is preached in a clear and scriptural manner, more than ninety-nine in a hundred do know the exact time when they are justified." This is the testimony of a man mere competent, from personal observation, to express a reliable opinion than any since the apostolic age, for he visited all his societies annually, and met them in class, and put to each member searching time questions which went into the very core of his being. That was the style of class-leading in his day. But no such proportion of conversions with the direct witness now obtains at our altars. The failure is not in the gospel, which is a changeless stream of power emanating from the living Christ, "the same yesterday, and to day, and forever." Where then is the failure? Let every preacher examine his sermons, and see whether he has made "the Spirit of Adoption" conspicuous in his ministry. Another office of the Spirit is that of purification. He is the Sanctifier. Beginning this work in the new birth by implanting love to God, the purifying principle, He continues it until perfect love casteth out fear. That this consummation may take place long before death, has never been a disputed question with Methodists. That it was specialized by their great founder, with increasing emphasis till his dying day, no man on the earth can candidly deny, after reading Tyerman's Life and Times of John Wesley. That this magnifying of the office of the Sanctifier produced such Christian characters as Bramwell, Hester Ann Rogers, the seraphic Fletcher, and his saintly wife, and many others unknown to fame, but precious jewels in the crown of Jesus, is as certain as the sequence of any effect after its cause.

These results were not the work of chance. There was a distinctive faith which grasped this prize. This faith came from preaching which honored the Sanctifier by dwelling emphatically upon His office, and not by the use of "glittering generalities" gliding smoothly over it like a slurred note in music. It must be borne in mind that the Holy Spirit is the most sensitive person of the Godhead. If blasphemy against Him is unpardonable, the slighting of any of His offices must not only grieve Him, but also deprive the soul of the blessings which it is His prerogative to bestow. "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

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fathers, from the Reformers, and from well known modern Church historians. The Dr. holds strenuously the equal priesthood of all believers. What are called orders and offices in the Church are simply in his estimation providential or rather prudential arrangements to prevent confusion in the discharge of the duties of Christian worship and to secure their efficient performance. He holds, indeed, that the pastor is specially called by the Holy Ghost to be separated for the work of the ministry, but that every man and woman is equally called to perform such religious services as his talents and opportunities render possible in connection with the secular pursuits in which he is, as providentially, engaged; and indeed, to administer any religious office when the providence of God indicates it to be his duty. There is no sacred distinction nor impassable chasm between the clergy and laity; they are all one in their relation to the great and only High Priest, and upon an equal ecclesiastical platform with each other. The minister is simply first among his peers, and exercises functions that all might, with equal propriety, save for the preservation of good order and regularity of Christian worship. This view, the eloquent Doctor thinks, places the whole question of lay labor, whether male or female, upon higher grounds. All are evangelists—some evangelizing with money and in the relations of business, while at the same time they teach or exhort, or preach, as God has given them ability, and opens doors of opportunity before them. It is not necessary to say that this paper will attract attention. It will excite thought, study, and discussion. It is written with marked ability and with the characteristic earnestness of its accomplished author.

Wonders will never cease. The most sensational preacher of the day discourses in the pulpit of a heretofore, very staid Presbyterian Church. The most eccentric revivalist, who rides horseback at the top of his speed, shouting, through the open streets, "Come to Jesus," "Prepare to meet thy God," belongs to the same ancient order.

We have just now seen a card printed for circulation by the pastor of one of the oldest Congregational churches in Central Massachusetts; a Church, which has long been blessed with the labors of the most cultivated ministers and men of the finest taste. These cards bear upon one face the appointed hours for Sabbath and weekly services, and invite general attendance; and on the reverse side, however, of the card, considering the Church from which it is issued, we were astonished to read the following topics of discourse in order for the Sabbaths of the current month: "Deformed Feet," "The Strange Contents of a Lost Trunk," "The Tragic History of a White Lie," "Frosted Locks," "Go to Jericho" (we can easily see, upon this topic, how an admirable practical application of the subject might be made to the preacher), "Beautiful Shoes," their Prophetic suggestiveness, "Salt Again."

And this is preaching the gospel, in the Year of our Lord 1873! and in the centre of Christian civilization! We are not at all surprised to learn from a friend, who heard him, that the preacher entered his pulpit with lavender kids upon his hands, which he only removed as he commenced his sermon. In the afternoon he wore more appropriate black, with one hand ungloved during the preliminary services. Neither are we surprised that the house is crowded. A minister at our elbow, who, like the senior Dr. Beecher, sometimes plays upon a violin, says, he doubts not he could crowd his house of worship, if he should announce that in the midst of his discourse he would favor his audience with a specimen of his proficiency with a fiddle. Common sense and human wisdom are not to be cast aside in attracting the crowds without to the preaching of the gospel; but to subordinate "Punch and Judy" as an instrumental means to this end, is not to make too fine a point, going a little too far.

The death of the late king of the Sandwich Islands, without heir or the nomination of a successor, has started no little speculation as to the probable government of these islands in the future. The parliament which assembled the 8th of this month, may elect a successor. It is thought, however, that a proposition for annexation to the United States will be made, and favorably received. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court is an American; the law advisor of the royal court is Hon. Stephen H. Phillips, formerly attorney-general of Massachusetts, and two associate justices, with other officers about the court and government, were formerly citizens of this country. A United States vessel has left for Honolulu, to look after American citizens and their affairs in any contingency, and Gen. Schofield, who has been sent in that direction, is reported to be commissioned to watch the movements of affairs, and to exercise such influence as he may forward the interests of this country.

The royal family of Kamehameha (says an exchange) dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, when its first representative took his place on the throne of the Sandwich Islands. He was one of the several chiefs who had, previous to that time, ruled over the islands of the group, independent of each other, and succeeded in conquering all of the islands except Ataul and Nibau, which, however, gave their allegiance to him afterwards. He then placed his kingdom under the protection of Great Britain. Kamehameha

II.—his son, who succeeded him in 1819—abolished idolatry, and introduced Christianity. He was succeeded by his brother in 1824, who banished the Roman Catholic missionaries, thereby getting into difficulties with France, but he was supported by the English troops. In 1844 the independence of the country was officially recognized by Great Britain and the United States. A constitutional form of government was introduced in 1851. Kamehameha IV. ascended the throne in 1854, married Emma Rooker, the daughter of an English physician, in 1856, and died in 1863, when the late king succeeded him, who manifested throughout his reign a desire to promote reform and increase the commerce and industries of his kingdom, but was generally known as a man of easy disposition, and not a member of any total abstinence society.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

After long and careful consideration, the First Methodist Episcopal Church on Hanover Street has voted to unite with Grace Church, and to sell its valuable property, upon which, however, there is considerable indebtedness, for business purposes. The ultimate object, we believe, of the united churches is to build a large central edifice. The occasion of this movement, is the rapid removal of Protestant families from the north end of the city, and the almost entire change in the residence of the chief worshippers in the Hanover Street Church. That portion of the city will still be well supplied with Protestant houses of worship and mission establishments. Personally, without a knowledge of all the facts in the case, we greatly regret the loss of this venerable Church organization, although its title is still to be preserved in the new body. We should much prefer to have seen it translated to a new field, thus continuing two centres of Christian influence in different portions of the city rather than one only, even if that one becomes somewhat conspicuous by its material resources and its large membership.

Bishop Haven has already reached the city of Mexico. We have received a very interesting letter from him, dated from beneath "the cocoanut and the palm-trees" of Vera Cruz, which will appear hereafter in our columns. From a private note, we learn that his way seems to be providentially opened before him. The railroad was just completed between Vera Cruz and Mexico, and he was invited to accompany the President of the Republic, and governmental and railroad officials into the capital, upon the new route. So he enters the heart of the new mission under the highest auspices. He is in fine health and spirits, and full of Christian hope and courage. May the blessing of God attend him and his evangelical work!

It is an interesting fact, that the semi-centennial of the "Prayer for Colleges" in concert, falls upon this year. Our friend, Rev. D. Dorchester, who is just now busy in gathering the religious records of the last fifty years, fell upon the date of the establishment of this interesting service. There had been prayers in local churches before for this object, but no concert. In the last week of February, 1823, Rev. Elias Cornelius, a name fragrant among Christians of all denominations, and B. B. Edwards, equally well and favorably known, secured the recognition of a common date—the last Thursday in February—(it is now changed to the last Thursday in January). Fifty years of united prayer for colleges have not been in vain. The interesting era will doubtless be recognized at the approaching concerts. May they prove Pentecosts as well as Jubilees!

A very spirited Temperance Convention was held on the 15th, in Tremont Temple, under the auspices of the Alliance. It was a gathering of delegates from the cities and towns of the State to give testimony as to the effect of the beer clause in the Prohibitory law. It drew out a remarkable and significant expression of public sentiment, written and spoken. The State was well represented on the occasion as to numbers, and as to the character and social position of those giving personal evidence upon the question. There was but one voice from magistrates, ministers, prison wardens, police officers, almshouse keepers, and thoughtful observers. The beer license has simply been proved to be an open door to the sale of all forms of intoxicating beverages; and wherever cities and towns have permitted its sale, increased drunkenness, with all its concomitant miseries and crimes, has been without an exception the result. A short, pronounced petition embodying these carefully-collated testimonies, in the form of an address to the General Court, praying for the repeal of the clause in the law permitting towns to license the sale of beer, and that the Legislature make such other changes as were suggested in the annual message of Governor Washburn, was presented, and accepted with enthusiastic approval by the Convention. There is every reason to hope and believe that the friends of temperance will lack nothing, so far as the law of the Commonwealth is concerned, to press successfully their great reform.

Last Sunday was a very successful missionary day in several of the churches in Boston and the vicinity. Dr. Reid had a happy introduction to our people, and his presence will hereafter always be welcomed among us with a good audience. He preached at Winthrop Church in the morning, at Tremont Street in the afternoon, and at Harvard Church, Cambridge, in the evening. The subscriptions and collections in the first two churches will reach the generous sum of \$1,500 each, and \$900 will be raised by the Harvard Church. A delightful spiritual influence accompanied the services, and was followed at the Winthrop Church by ten persons at the altar for prayers, in the evening. Dr. Butler preached powerful discourses at Lynn Common, and at Grace, and Church Street churches, Boston. The former Church proposes to make its annual subscription reach the high standard of \$2,000. The memory of the labors of Dr. Butler is very fresh and fragrant among them. The farewell meeting on Monday, was one of hallowed and melting interest. Bromfield Street Church was filled on the occasion, many of our ministers from various parts of New England being present. Dr. Reid's address was familiar, replete with suggestive thoughts, marked with wholesome evangelic enthusiasm, and delivered with great animation. We are prevented from publishing a report of it, and the others, as our paper is just going to the press. Dr. W. R. Clark at their close, made a short and touching farewell address to Dr. Butler, presenting to him a pledge of the hearty sympathy and continued prayers of his many New England friends. Dr. Butler was evidently very much affected by this new assurance of the affection of his brethren. He recounted the remarkable providential steps by which this new mission had been opened before him, and the hearty concurrence of Dr. Riley, the Apostle of Protestantism in Mexico, with his appointment, and his pledge of personal aid. Rev. J. W. Flocken, lately of the Bulgarian Mission, now about to return with a reinforcement to his former field, made a short address. Bishop Simpson made a short and excellent speech, and the Divine blessing upon the departing brethren, and the whole missionary field, was sought in an earnest prayer, led by Rev. A. D. Merrill. Altogether, the occasion was one of peculiar interest and profit. Dr. Butler sails February 6.

We read with deep sensibility of the sudden death of Rev. Joshua Leavitt, D. D., senior editor of *The Independent*. We became acquainted with Dr. Leavitt more than a quarter of a century ago, when he edited an anti-slavery paper on Cornhill, in the interest of the Christian churches, as opposed to the "Come-outers," and anti-Bible, Church, and Sabbath men. When editor of *The N. Y. Evangelist* he reported the revival sermons of Rev. Chas. G. Finney, now Dr. Finney, of Oberlin, which were published in two volumes, and have had an immense circulation. He has been for nearly a score of years the working editor of *The Independent*. During this time he has pressed with great ability, and no little success, postal reform, and has continued his substantial support of the other reforms of the day, and of the government, in the great anti-slavery controversy during the civil war. He was a man of unselfish and noble character, of a genial and kindly temper, and a statesman by long interest in public affairs, and a careful study of the leading questions of the day. He falls universally beloved and regretted by those that knew him, at a good age, seventy-two, and leaves behind, as the heritage of his family, an unspotted reputation and an honored name.

As *The Christian Advocate* has been inclined to be a little sarcastic in reference to the various engravings of the Bishops now in the field, we were disposed to examine somewhat critically its own long-heralded picture. We are free to confess that there is some foundation for its self-complacency. It is really a fine engraving, and several of the portraits are striking. We have seen no superior to those of Bishops Morris, James, Scott, Foster, Harris, Bowman, Wiley, Andrews, and Peck. The engraving is about the size of our own, and its arrangement is similar. The mechanical execution of it is excellent. It stands next to ours!

At considerable expense we have secured from the able pen of Dr. Newhall, what all who have read the two or three last issues of our paper, and compared the Sunday-school department with our neighbors, must acknowledge to be one of the most able collection of notes upon the passage of Genesis, arranged in the *National Union Series*, as the lesson for the ensuing week. This work will be continued through the year. Every Sunday-school teacher should have a copy. These exegetical notes are worth of themselves more than the yearly subscription of our paper. We shall publish two week's notes in next, or succeeding paper, so as to be a fortnight in advance of the lesson. Will superintendents please to aid us in circulating the paper in their schools?

We are happy from a personal acquaintance of a half score of years, both of his skill and faithfulness in his work, and the moderation of his prices, to call special attention to the conspicuous advertisement in our columns of Mr. E. B. Blackwell. Any person requiring undergarments, or laundry work, will have no occasion to change his place of purchasing after having once formed the acquaintance of Mr. Blackwell.

Santo Domingo comes to the surface again under very different auspices, than as a government purchase, and a State or territory of the Union. A large company of men of wealth, in New York and Boston, with a capital of thirty millions, have secured the absolute possession, with "seigniorial rights, of Samana Bay, and the surrounding

* Humanity Immortal; or, Man Tried, Fallen, and Redeemed, by Laurens P. Hickok, D. D., LL. D., 8vo, pp. 362. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

GRAMM OF LYNN DISTRICT (Group 2)
ONLINE MEETINGS: Taylorsville, Jan-
Brothers Hodge, Gould, Whedon, Gil-
body, February 9. Brothers Gould, Hodge,
n, Bridge.
ette Street, February 29. Brothers Whedon,
Gould, Jackson.
rily, March 2. Brothers Jackson, Gil-
Whedon.
e Rallying Meetings are to be held in the
ages of the specified. Each pastor is to
on Missions on the afternoon preceding the
Meeting at his church. Per Order,
Wm. D. Bridge, Secretary, GROUPS.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.
Henry A. Heath, Rockton, Ill.

The Family.

SONG OF THE HEBREW CHILDREN.

BY DR. SIMON TUCKER CLARK.

Never was a stranger story by the pen of prophet told,
In that grandest of all histories—the Wonder-Book of old,
Than the story of the Hebrews in the fiery furnace-glow,
When a spirit walked with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego!

But I marvel how that monarch called the Fourth One by his name,
When as yet, so many years must pass before Messiah came
As the Lord of life and glory, with the sons of Israel
And with carpenters and fishermen, by Galilee to walk.

O! Thou crucified and risen! when eternity began,
Thou wert counseling the Godhead for the happiness of man;
From the rolling world's creation has thy precious blood been shed,
And a crown of thorns been plaited for a more than royal head.

In the furnace of affliction though my soul be sorely tried,
I can never be quite overcome with Jesus by my side;
For may not a sinful soul to-day, the Master see and know,
As well as did that wicked king three thousand years ago?

THIRTEEN.

BY JENNY BURR.

Biddy was determined to "set." The fact that four of her sisters had already furnished a sufficient number of chickens, wasn't of the least consideration with her. Also to the suggestion that one good-sized egg every day—eggs being forty cents a dozen—was all that could reasonably be asked of her. She shook her head with decision, bristled her feathers, and sat.

But her nest was not, to say the least, easy of access. On the contrary, it was one of the superhuman undertakings to get to it. Not being of rope-walking proclivities, it was not a matter of excessive enjoyment, for the sake of one egg, to scale a high wall, cross a narrow beam bridging dizzy depths, descend a precipitous side, and plunge one's hand into the unknown cavern of a dilapidated barrel.

What attractions this dismal obscurity possessed to the mind of a hen, is an unknown problem. It is certain that neither argument nor art could induce her to change quarters. The sight of thirteen eggs, long, oval, white, and shining, deposited in an accessible and every way charming locality, handfuls of corn being thrown alluringly near, made no impression on her. Biddy gulped down the corn, and departed to deep Tartarus.

Hens know their rights, and quietly take them. There was nothing to do but make the fearful journey, and transport the eggs below, then wait uncertainly for the sequel.

The first faint, querulous cries from the depths awakened lively curiosity. As these increased in number and volume, our adventurous soul was adjured, and we descended with a basket.

I take pleasure in believing that there exist courageous mortals who dare stand by the nest of a "setting" hen, and pull her off. As for us, we dare not. Biddy was more belligerent than any artillery. Every feather of her bristled with hostility. She was excessively abrupt; violent dives and plunges were accompanied by a voice, which though not of thunder, was far more alarming. So we seized upon a long stick, and applying the lever, made a lift. After various abortive attempts, Biddy was violently expelled, and a collection of broken egg-shells, legs, and puff-balls became dimly visible.

Thirteen eggs! But who should expect the baker's dozen of chickens! Not an egg remained; only shells. It was therefore to be supposed there were thirteen chickens; but after a military engagement with Biddy, which terminated decidedly in her favor, only three of these were to be found; moreover, not a chirp was heard.

But we were not to be cheated out of the three, and they were summarily laid hold of, and carried to upper air, Biddy flying tempestuously after. Then followed a patient lying-in-wait and listening of ten minutes, at the end of which period two or three voices from below vouchsafed to lift themselves in lamentation, and we started.

After poking about in the straw, exploring every conceivable nook and crevice, long intervals of silence being scattered in, nine deceitful chicks were one by one brought to view, a round dozen in all. But the thirteenth yet eluded us.

We were just about condemning it to solitude and despair, when a faint chirp came from a remote corner, and the homeliest, minutest specimen of a feathered, or fuzzy, biped, was seen to have wedged itself helplessly in a cranny of the wall. This must be the product of the odd thirteenth egg, we thought; and it was named thirteen at once.

Thirteen was odd, in every sense of the word. Physiologically considered, he may have been perfect, but he was not an esthetic chicken. Very spindling legs were surmounted by an atom of a speckled body, lean and half bare of feathers. Personal appearance may be nothing in the eyes of fowls, but I am compelled to state that for some reason, his brothers and sisters did not treat him well. On the contrary, they snubbed him on every possible occasion. Thirteen was continually a martyr to the caprices of the rest of the family. He was always in the rear. He looked meek. Metaphorically speaking, he fell down on his knees, and begged pardon daily of every fowl

on the premises. If he wanted to crow, he retired to a remote part of the yard, and experimented by himself.

But aside from these ordinary miseries, he was forever in some more serious difficulty. Puss made him the object of her especial attentions. From unsuspected lurking-places she pounced forth with murderous intent, but never succeeded in actually laying claw upon him.

The attempts of Puss all coming to naught, it was reserved for a hawk to create the first decided sensation. Seizing a fortuitous occasion, he swooped downwards, and fell upon poor Thirteen. The screaming chicken was borne aloft, but just in time to save it, a missile was hurled at the hawk, and Thirteen came to the ground, rather more scared than hurt, though decidedly more thinly-dressed than ordinary.

This aerial adventure was followed two or three weeks later by one of frightfully terrestrial character. About noon of an early summer day, an uncommon agitation disclosed itself among the poultry. There was no loud cackling or noisy demonstration, but a united and prolonged scolding. Going out to find the cause, a ludicrous-solemn procession of fowls, with heads eagerly perked forward, was seen moving towards the barn. Upon examination, it turned out that they were following in the wake of Thirteen. Evidently the hens had not intended it for a funeral procession, but simply one of inquiry and remonstrance. Certainly chick presented a most remarkable appearance. A long, streaked snake had wound itself about his neck, and falling gracefully therefrom, was trailing far behind. The astonishment and indignation of the hens were unbounded; but his snakeship not being in the least affected by these demonstrations, a lively whip was applied, and he sneaked away in the grass, leaving Thirteen in a gasping condition.

After these hair, or perhaps I should say feather-breath escapes, it became a matter of wonder under what experiences Thirteen was reserved.

This problem it befell a June day to reveal. It was hot and uncomfortable. Everything went wrong indoors. Why not have a half-holiday, and go fishing! It is often easy enough to go fishing, but it is another thing to catch any fish! Hours of waiting with no luck proved this. We wandered along by the stream, and cast the hook into the most promising depths; we supplied fresh bait again and again; we threw in the hook with gentle pretense of a bug falling from overhanging trees; we urged the bait after the shy fins sometimes plainly seen in the clear water; but none of these allurements prevailed. Not a fish was weak-minded enough to be caught. Occasionally, one leaped to the surface with cool plash and ripple; gorgeous insects sailed above the water; bobolinks distantly sang; low-hanging boughs gently lapped the stream; there was a faint nibble now and then, but no fish. We caught nothing but our own garments, two maple trees, and a stump. So we gave up in desperation, wended our way home forlorn, threw down the pole against a tree with hook unfastened and swinging, and determined never to go fishing again.

Half an hour later, preparing to write a letter, and being lost in a speculation as to the day of the month, a most extraordinary series of exclamations—on a very high key—suddenly proceeded from another member of the family in the next room: "O! O-o-o! O-o-o! O! woo! woo! woo! woo! woo!"

We ran to the rescue, in consternation. Out in the back-yard, it was neither hawk nor snake, but Thirteen dancing a marvelous jig under the apple tree. It was the neglected fish-hook! That ill-starred fowl had caught at the hanging bait, and swallowed hook and all, in the process naturally getting caught in the throat. His frantic efforts to free himself were accompanied by the most dolorous and heart-rending cries.

Awful compunctions seized us. Who should deliver Thirteen from this extremity! Finally, in the midst of a series of onslaughts from a sympathetic hen, the unfortunate biped was firmly secured, and the hook scientifically extracted from his throat. If ever an expression of heartfelt thankfulness lit up the countenance of a chicken, it was Thirteen's that instant.

Since then, no alarming adventures have befallen him. He is still the meek object of divers persecutions, but he manages to grow and thrive in spite of them. He is, without question, appointed to die, but it is doubtful whether anything short of the veritable ax will ever succeed in dispatching him.

"WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?"

It is an ordinary occurrence to read of an industrious Christian treading life's meaner pathway, who, because his heart is in his hand, and his soul abundantly filled with the love of Christ, is exalted by the Saviour to become a winner of souls; but it is a lamentable fact, that we rarely meet one such in our every-day contact with Christians, and so we mistakenly believe that only a few are called to this magnificent work, and our personal activity in the interests of souls is not especially demanded. It has recently been my privilege to meet one of the Master's working ones. I have seen him, realized that he is flesh and blood, and "subject to the temptations common to man." I have heard his story from his own lips, and received an impulse there-

from which a bare survey of the field of labor, and a theory concerning the duty connected therewith, could never have produced. He is an Englishman, with only nineteen years of experience back of him. With the exception of two years, his life was spent in England, where, for many reasons, religious and educational privileges were denied him. He had breathed the free air of America but a short time, when convictions of sin settled on his conscience.

After hours of struggle, at midnight, under a tree in the open field, the voice of God spoke peace to his soul. From that time his bent was to become the means of saving others. One evening, as he was walking the street of a populous city, he was accosted by one of the filthiest of "tramps," partially intoxicated, who asked him for money. He was on the point of complying, when it occurred to him that this was not the most befitting way of helping one of depraved appetite; instead, he walked beside the man, and profoundly feeling the words as he spoke them, told him of his fallen condition, and declared to him the mystery of salvation, and of Christ's yearning for his sin-polluted soul.

The man stared at him in amazement, and exclaimed, "I have never had any faith in Christians nor Christianity. I have studied Thomas Paine and Voltaire, and accepted their teachings, but there is something in you, and in what you say, I never met before; I wish I were a better man." "You must be," was the response, and "I must go with me to the prayer-meeting I am about to attend." "Look at my filthy clothes, and my neglected person," was the miserable man's reply; "you would not go with me!" "Christ is not ashamed of you, and of course I cannot be," responded the young man. And they went. As they entered the lecture-room of that stately church, great was the look of questioning surprise which passed from face to face. But the doubt was soon explained, for embracing the first opportunity, Fred (for this is the young man's name) knelt and poured forth his soul in prayer for the man he had found on the streets, burdened with sin. After the meeting, a number who had become interested, followed him to the Station House, where he was to pass the night, and prayed earnestly and especially for him. The day following he was conducted to the Young Men's Noon Prayer-meeting. Here he showed unmistakable signs of contrition, and was induced after a struggle to sign the pledge.

Fred now felt his work only begun. The seed was planted, it must be watered. The man was still houseless and penniless. It was a severe pull on Fred's meagre purse to supply all his wants, but so firmly did he believe that "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," the sacrifices he was about to make were nothing.

His first step was to take his charge to the barbers; next, to the public baths. After that, his wretched clothing was exchanged for a suit of Fred's, and the "tramp" of yesterday emerged from his filth as fine a looking young man as ever walked the streets. Fred arranged that he should share his own room, and both for lodgings and board he stood security; by dint of perseverance he obtained a paying situation for the "unrecommended man." Thus did Fred succeed in appealing to his self-respect, and in helping him up from his degradation to a point where he might obtain a social position. But the greatest work was still to be accomplished. With true zeal Fred entered upon him, "Now that your external wants are supplied, it is your business to attend to your soul's need." And every night when the work of the day was done, would be spend an hour in singing in his clear, hearty voice, our soul-stirring hymns, and in praying with this man.

Prayer was with him "the mighty utterance of a mighty need," and in the course of a month the answer came, the lost was found. By his after confession, Fred learned that this man had been in prison in every State between Wisconsin and Massachusetts. He had, moreover, traveled through Europe and Palestine as a "tramp," and had really learned much of the customs and languages of the people. Since his conversion he has endeavored to "redeem the time." With a face beaming with love, he speaks the praises of Jesus in eloquent strains, which surprise listeners. And he stands to-day a monument of what saving love and the faithful labor of a disciple can perform. To me there is a grand lesson in this incident; there is a call to prayer, and labor, and faith; a faith so real that when we meet the unconverted, we shall firmly believe that it is the will of God, even their immediate salvation; and thus hold in the Lord, we shall unhesitatingly perform the necessary part of our labor. Can we, dare we pray for the coming of Christ's kingdom, and do nothing for its advancement?

A BRAVE BOY.

Napoleon used to speak of "four o'clock in the morning" courage, which he thought the only kind worth much admiration. He meant, we suppose, what is called presence of mind—the ability to decide rapidly upon, and as rapidly to do the best thing, or nearest the best thing required in an emergency. There is perhaps no faculty more decidedly inborn and natural than this. When a great emergency, at sea for instance, arises by which a number of lives are put in peril, there is usually some one, not perhaps of those in authority, who asserts his right of leadership, takes command, it may be, out of the hands of the officers, and inspires

the whole tremulous crowd with fortitude. This ability, this born power of leadership, this rapid and decisive quality of decision, was recently exhibited by a mere lad at Dawlish, England, during a peril of which we find an account in a letter written by Admiral Craigie to the Secretary of the Life-Boat Association.

A boy, Frederick Perrine by name, and only fourteen years of age, had occasion to go from some place near Exmouth in a small dingy, when the tide suddenly swept him out into the open sea. There was a brisk gale from the N. E., and the boy immediately got up his tiny mast and sail, vainly hoping to find some sheltered place where he could land. He was fast driven, however, upon the heavy breakers. When he was within a few hundred yards of Dawlish Beach he anchored, in the desperate hope of holding on until the sea should be a little subsided. He had now attracted the attention of those on shore to his perilous situation, but it was impossible to send him aid without too great a risk of life. Nothing could live in the broken water, with occasional heavy rollers, except a life-boat, and the life-boat was at Teignmouth. The little fellow in the dingy made up his mind that he would soon swamp where he was; so he rapidly got up his mast and sail again, weighed his anchor, and stood to the westward, his craft almost on her beam ends. "With lightning precision and decision," he selected the only spot where he could possibly have landed, and boldly bearing up, he pushed his little boat into the foamy waters. Over the first roller she went like a sea-gull, but then she was suddenly becalmed, so that it seemed inevitable that she must soon broach to, be rolled over and knocked to pieces. The small mariner, however, remained perfectly collected, with his tiller in one hand and the sheet in the other. Then the gale again caught his sail, and over the second roller he went right upon the beach. There was now no need of the life-boat from Teignmouth, and she was countermanded. Admiral Craigie, supported in his opinion by a naval friend of great experience who saw the whole, testifies that this boy of fourteen did the very best which could be done under the circumstances, took the only course which afforded the least chance of escape, and showed (to use the Admiral's words) that "courage, self-reliance, and judgment are the chief elements of success on such occasions."

What a contrast does the calm bravery of this boy exhibit to the panic fear often betrayed by men in like emergencies!—the helpless terror, the suicidal prostration, and the miserable despair! The lad was young, but he was old enough and experienced enough to comprehend fully the exigency of the situation. His judgment may have been no better than that of many men similarly imperiled, but such as it was he was master of it. We have all a love of life, but how many of us have a trustworthy instinct of self-preservation? How many, since it is *felo-de-se*, in one form or another, which fills so many graves?—N. Y. Tribune.

TRUE POLITENESS.

Where is true politeness?
Is it in the schools,
Where each studied action
Is enforced by rules?
This may please the fancy,
Captivate the eye;
Call out lavish praises,
From mere passers by;
But the more discerning,
See the cheat within;
Off a dizzy gossamer,
To cover grossest sin.
This is true politeness,
'Tis not enforced by art;
'Tis gentle acts of kindness,
Flowing from the heart.
The world's sublime great Teacher
Hath sketch'd it well and true;
'Doing unto others
What you would they should do.'
Now would you be a gentleman,
And learn to be polite?
Then get the matter in the heart,
The manner will be right.

"OUR MINISTER."

"What a pleasant face your pastor has," said one lady to another, "and how cheery his voice. His coming is like a gleam of sunlight."

"And do you know," answered the lady, lifting a pensive face toward her friend, "that we call him Sunshine, because wherever he goes he brings sunshine with him. If he visits a sick one of his flock, you will see the look of suffering pass away, and the glad smile take its place, for his coming does good like medicine. He has himself been a sufferer, and the sick are confident of his kindly sympathy. Then he always leaves precious seed-thoughts, that are sure to bring rest and peace."

"If any one has suffered loss or bereavement, or any trouble that leaves the heart sore, a visit from our minister is sure to bring healing."

"But how is it that he is always so cheerful?" was asked. "All Christians are not so. Has he been mercifully kept free from the losses and crosses in which all seem to share?"

"O, no," answered the lady, and her voice grew soft with pity; "he has had heavy trials to bear, but he counts these trials as mercies. It is because he himself has suffered that those in sorrow are sure of his real sympathy. They feel that he knows how bitter is their grief, and when he speaks of comfort they listen. They know that out of his great sorrow his own heart has been lifted, and they are willing to be led by him to the source of true comfort."

Into every heart where Jesus comes a welcome guest, there is rest, there is peace. It is written, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusts in thee." And of Jesus it is said, "For we have not a High Priest which cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are; and again: 'For in that He himself hath suffered being

tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted.' To be able to say, 'My Lord and my God,' is a dearer privilege than to count as ours the choicest earthly friendships.—Am. Messenger.

WHAT A CLASS OF LITTLE BOYS DID.—At one of our large religious meetings in the country, there was received a beautiful note. On opening it we found ten names, of ten little Sabbath-school boys, and ten dollars. The note said in substance that "one year ago, I said to my class of little boys, can we not do something for the salvation of the world? I propose this to you. Each boy bring each Sabbath two pennies, and I will keep your accounts for you, and we will see how much we can do in one year for Home Missions." The little boys went to work with a will to save up, and earn all the pennies they could for their missionary work. The result was an offering, from that class of little boys, of ten dollars. This came just from a little thoughtfulness on the part of that teacher. How many teachers will go and do likewise? Train your children for Christian work as you are training them for Christ. He has no use for idlers in his kingdom. H.

HOW TO FIX THEM.—Transient impressions—so easily made!—how can they be made permanent? This is at once answered and illustrated in the *Sunday-School Times*. The early makers of sun pictures found it comparatively easy to get impressions. The real difficulty was how to fix them, how to make them permanent. It is comparatively easy to impress a child. The Holy Spirit alone can fix the impression, and that teacher who is most thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Master, and of His Word, is most likely to fix truth in the memory, and to make lasting impressions for good.

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H, which is only a breath: Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness, and Heaven. Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-place, and that man sadly mistakes who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven.

ENIGMA, NO. 3.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 1, 4, 16, 13, 2, 14, was a prophet.
My 3, 11, 6, 2, 5, was an apostle of Jesus Christ.
My 17, 15, 12, 13, 18, was Joseph's father.
My 8, 15, 16, 23, is a surname.
My 3, 4, 6, 11, 16, is a wilderness spoken of in Numbers.
My 20, 13, 14, 2, 4, 26, was the son of Man.
My 23, 21, 20, is a domestic animal.
My 7, 8, 19, 20, is a reptile spoken of in Exodus.
My 11, 12, 13, was Gershon's father.
My whole is found in the xxxviii Psalm.
Seabrook, N. H. M. A. COLLINS.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday, Jan. 26.

LESSON IV. Cain and Abel. Gen. iv. 1-10.
TOPIC: True and False Worship.
GOLDEN TEXT: "Ye are come to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Heb. xii. 22, 24.
1. The bloodless offering.
2. A brother's blood.
3. The blood of vengeance.

DR. HALL'S HINTS FOR INFANT CLASSES.

Examples of good and bad; Cain and Abel, brothers, children of Eve; Cain, older, ought to have been good to Abel, but was not. No church or Sunday-school then; but they had learned to worship, and Sabbath; how learned? *Brought offerings*. Did God need them? What they showed. When Thanksgiving, and Christmas, and New Year come, what do your friends give you? Why do they bring presents? They love you. The presents all speak; say, "Mary, I love you; Harry, I love you." You give them gifts too. So men say, "Lord, I love Thee." But if the men do not love in their hearts, God sees it, and is displeased. He hates lying. That was Cain's way. God saw it. Let Cain see that He saw it. Both brought offerings; what they were. Tell the story of Elijah and the priests of Baal; how God can show He is pleased. Cain was angry; ought to have been angry with himself, but was angry with God and with Abel. Bad heart, bad deeds. One day, away from home, he picked a quarrel with Abel, struck him, killed him. Picture a murderer; anger on Cain's face; a club brandish in his hand; blood on it, on Cain; Abel lying on the ground, speechless, pale, dead! First human death; first murder; beginning of wars; fruits of sin. God seeing it all, and coming to Cain about it. Learn about anger; the commandment broken; repeat it, and learn this v. 1 John iii. 15, and compare it with 1 John iii. 12.

Notes on Genesis iv. 1-10.

BY F. H. NEWHALL, D. D.

The consequences of the Fall now appear in the history of the first family. By careful attention to the record, we may learn the true nature of the primeval religion, its rites, its hopes, and faith. We may also see here most instructive traces of the primeval civilization. While fearful sin stains the first-born of man, sadly crushing the joyful hopes of the first mother, a pious son also appears, setting forth thus early the contrast and conflict between good and evil, which is to run through human history. The good at first overcame by the evil; Abel (*Hebel*, a breath, vanity, probably so named after his death) is slain by Cain; but another son (*Seth*, set or placed) is set in his place, at the head of the godly line. In this chapter we have the genealogy and outline history of the Cainitic, or sinful line, and in the next, that of the Sethitic, or godly line. The primitive Cainite made great advances in material civilization. Jabel (the wanderer) was the father of the nomadic life (v. 20). Henok (trained, compare *urbis, urbanus*) gave a name to the first city, and in the sixth generation from Cain we find tools of copper, and even of iron (v. 22), with instruments of music (v. 21), and the first song of the sword (v. 23, 24). The names of the wo-

men, Adah (ornament), Tsillah (shade, or tinkling), and Naamah (sweetness), suggest personal charms rather than moral excellence. First, the goddess (*chap. iv.*), then the godly seed (*chap. v.*) are described, and then (*chap. vi.*) their union or intermarriage, which brought upon the world the universal corruption that preceded the deluge.

Verses 1. "I have gotten (borne) a man, with (the help of) Jahveh." Cain is from *Kamah*, to get, and then to beget, create, as bairn from bear. Deut. xxxiii. 6, "thy father that hath (bought) begot thee." Some (Maimon. Targ. of Onk.), render the last clause "from before the Lord," i. e., to stand before Him in our stead when we die. Others (Luther, etc.), make the last two names in opposition, and read, "I have gotten the man, the Lord" (*Jahveh*), that is, *Jahveh* incarnate. So Targ. of Jon. renders, "the man, the angel of Jehovah." But (1) there is no proof that our first parents expected the great Deliverer to be God incarnate; and this interpretation is giving the Messianic hope a precision for which there is no warrant in the Old Testament prophecies; (2) had she wished to express this expectation she would certainly have called the child *Jahveh*, or by some name compounded of *Jah* or *Yah* (as *Ish-yah*), while she rather emphasizes the fact that she has borne (or gained) a son. Of course Eve did not talk Hebrew, but these are Hebrew transcripts of lost originals. Her thought is, "the first man was created directly by Jahveh; but now I, by the help of Jahveh, have created (borne) a man." Hence she names him "the one born," the first born of man, the promised SEED. Great anxiety, perplexity, and terror must have fallen upon Eve when first she realized the meaning of the words, "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children," but she gives way to joy and triumph as she beholds the first-born child of earth. Then she recognizes the help, and thinks she sees the fulfillment of the promise of *Jahveh*, the covenant-keeping God. Faith, hope, and gratitude are in the name, but how sad the disappointment! These words warrant the belief that now, in this mysterious sorrow, if not before, she had returned to God.

V. 2. Tilling the ground and keeping flocks were then primitive employments of man. The primitive man is not painted as a troglodyte, living on wild fruits and game. The first man has a garden, and his sons cultivate the ground, and have domestic animals. Animal food does not yet seem to have been used, but the skins of beasts were used as clothing (*chap. iii. 21*), the milk was probably used as food, and we find immediately that the flesh was used in sacrifice.

V. 3. "At the end of days . . . Cain brought;" i. e., after the lapse of some considerable time, the events following took place. Not that this is the account of the first offerings made to God; in fact the narrative assumes that there was a place and mode of offering well understood at the time of this tragic event, which it is here the chief purpose to describe.

V. 4. "From the firstlings of his flock, even from their fates" (their choice parts); or, perhaps, "from the fattest firstlings" (*Keil*). But while Abel brought the choicest firstlings, or the choicest parts of the firstlings, Cain is said simply to have brought "of the fruits of the ground," not even of the first fruits. "And Jahveh looked on Abel and on his offering," turned to attend to him.

V. 5. "And on Cain and on his offering he did not look." The words here translated *offering* and (*v. 4*), *fat*, are not used in their strict Levitical sense. The word *minchah* (offering) is used only of a bloodless offering in the Levitical ritual (*Lev. xiv. 21, etc.*), while *chelebb* (*fat*), in the plural, is there used only of the pieces of fat laid upon the sacrifices (*Lev. ix. 19, 20, etc.*); but here in this pre-Mosaic use of words, we find traces of records already ancient in the time of Moses, (see also especially *chap. xiv.*), which the inspired author wove into his work. *Minchah* is here used of both offerings.

Each brought gifts according to his employment, why were not both accepted? Not because of the difference in the nature, but because of the difference in the spirit of the gifts. To say that Abel saw his lamb to be typical of the great sacrifice, is to give his faith a definiteness which the record does not warrant. Even after the full establishment of the Levitical ritual we have no evidence that the Old Testament saints distinctly saw the great antitype which these types foreshadowed. Much less could we expect such faith in the first human family. God instituted sacrifices, probably long before this transaction, to teach man truths which for ages he could not fully comprehend.

Nor was Abel's offering accepted because the animal sacrifice was a confession of the desert of sin. It was doubtless instituted to teach this lesson. In the first family, before animal food had been expressly granted to man, he would not have taken the life of animals, or have thought of such an offering as acceptable without divine communion. The "coats of skins" (*chap. iii. 21*), at least convey a strong intimation of this Divine lesson. Yet the apostolic comment (*Heb. xi. 4*), teaches us that it is not in this confession that we are to seek for the real grounds of Abel's acceptance. "By faith Abel offered unto God a more acceptable sacrifice (a more sacrifice) than Cain." This "more" was faith; it was a "more" of quality and not of quantity (*Alford*). Some have supposed that Abel brought fruits as did Cain, in thankfulness, and also a lamb in confession and faith. There is no proof of this, and every presumption is

against it. The context distinctly sets forth the occupation of the two brothers, and then describes their gifts as corresponding with their vocations. The great distinction between the two offerings is not to be sought at all in the nature of the gifts, but in the hearts of the givers. Abel's offering was "mixed with faith," which alone gives worship its value, for "without faith it is impossible to please Him." Cain's worship was the formal performance of a prescribed rite, while Abel's offering brought his heart to the altar with the gift. "And it burned unto Cain exceedingly" (he was very angry). "He hangs his head in mortified pride, envy, and anger."

Vs. 6, 7. "If thou doest well, shall there not be lifting up?" (of the countenance, in cheerful obedience and joyful trust) "and if thou doest not well, sin is crouching at the door" (as a lurking wild beast). "But" (if thou heed this warning) "unto thee shall be his (Abel's) desire" (as Eve's to Adam, *chap. iii. 16*). "and thou shalt rule over him" (having, instead of this mortifying inferiority, the natural rights and prerogatives of the first-born). An obscure passage; we render as Murphy. It is the language of solemn warning, and of tender exhortation. Sin is a fierce beast, waiting for him at the very door whenever he stirs to go forth, unless he is rid of this evil heart of unbelief. Sin is ever the consequence of sin. Cain is warned that doing ill ever leads to doing ill. It is a forced interpretation, that of *Lee*, etc., which makes "sin" here stand for sin-offering. 1 Pet. v. 8, is a New Testament parallel to the warning of the text. The point of the admonition is not the need of an atonement, but the duty to do well. No sin-offering would avail for Cain while persisting in doing ill.

V. 8. "And Cain said" (not talked as Authorized Version) "to Abel his brother—" The sentence is unfinished, as in *chap. iii. 22*; what he said is not expressed, but the consequence of the conversation is recorded in the last part of the verse, as indicated by the grammatical construction. (So T. Lewis, Keil, and Delitzsch, after Jewish comm.) The LXX. supply what was said, by the addition, "Let us go out into the field." (so *Lam. Syr. Vulg. Aquila. Targ. Jon. and Jer.*) and some (Kennicott, A. Clarke, etc.), have supposed that these words have dropped out of the text; but the conjecture seems needless when the idiom is considered. The grammatical apodosis is intimated, but not expressed, as in *chap. iii. 22, 23*. "And now lest he put forth his hand, etc., so Jahveh drove out the man." This seems to be the best interpretation of this very difficult passage.

V. 9. Note the emphasis and pathos of the words, "his brother." The crouching insidious sin against which Cain had been warned, now rises and rages in murder. This is the first recorded death, but it is possible that there may have been natural death before this deed of violence. This death seems to be thus detailed to set forth the first conspicuous result of man's fall. It is generally assumed that the first death was a wilful murder. Perhaps when Cain "rose up against his brother" he did not intend to take his life. Man at this time must have been ignorant of death in the human species, and of the causes, now so familiar, that suddenly lead to it. The mercy that is afterwards extended to Cain, in contrast with the severe punishment that usually accompanies wilful murder, may favor the presumption. This tragic event probably took place more than a century after Adam's creation, for Seth is so named because given to Eve in the place of Abel, implying that he was born soon after Abel's death, and Seth was born when Adam was 130 years old (*chap. iv. 25* and *v. 3*). There may then have been by this time something of a population in man's primeval seat. This is speculation, but it is well not to assume more than we know.

This wondrous dialogue vividly paints the first earthly tragedy. "I know not the keeper of my brother (am) I?" There is a chaos of sin in the reply; wild, blind denial, when detection was certain, impudent and impious questioning of God's right to inquire into his actions, and selfish disavowal of all brotherly obligations. The word "brother," he retorts in blasphemous scorn; "who and what is my brother that I should care for him?" The seed of Cain, who are "of that wicked one," have faithfully repeated the impious plea, for all these ages of human sin and woe. The tyrant, the conqueror, the kidnapper, the pandarer to lust and drunkenness, the miser and extortioner, have through all these weary centuries, made the first murderer's plea their motto, their gospel. How suddenly and fearfully did sin pile upon sin, at the door of Cain after God's solemn warning! Envy, hate, murder, falsehood, blasphemy!

V. 10. "What hast thou done? the voice of the bloods of thy brother (blood-drops? wounds, with each a tongue, as *Shak.*) are crying unto me from the ground." Each several wound or drop, cries from the earth to the avenging God. The pious Abel had pleased with his fierce brother in vain, but the great God hears the cry of injured innocence. He is the God of those whom men forget and scorn. Every groan and cry that tyranny and persecution crush from broken hearts, are gathered up in the all-embracing heaven, and poured into that ever listening ear. There is an awful day when the thunder of that solemn question will roll over selfish souls, "where is thy brother?"

Obituaries.

Rev. PETER BURGESS died, in Hermon, Me., Dec. 20, 1872, aged 77 years.

Brother Burgess was born in Bangor in 1795; was converted to God, and became connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church in the 19th year of his life, and so remained until his death. He was first licensed to preach by the Bangor Quarterly Conference, Nov. 1, 1817. Rev. Oliver Beal, Presiding Elder. Bangor Circuit then included Bangor. At this time he resided in the family of the distinguished, able, and beloved Rev. Elijah R. Sabine, then in charge of the Bangor Circuit.

In November, 1817, he commenced his itinerant life in the Norridgewock Circuit, Rev. John Atwell, preacher in charge—a circuit of 23 towns. He joined the New England Conference, and in 1820 was ordained deacon by Bishop George, at a Conference held in Nantucket. In 1822 he was ordained elder by Bishop Roberts, at a Conference held in Bath, Me. In 1832 he was a delegate to the General Conference, held in Philadelphia. He traveled in all twenty-seven years. Since 1851 he has held the position of a local elder in the Church, and preaching only as health and circumstances would justify.

Brother Burgess was a man of great natural ability, clear in religious experience, sound in theology, and in the strength of his manhood an able defender of the gospel. His love for the Church continued until the last, and seemed intensified by an increasing devotion, as his earthly sun declined toward its setting. A widow and four children survive him. May his departure prove a Divine opportunity for a special spiritual baptism upon them.

GEORGE PRATT.

Orono, Jan. 3, 1873.

SAMUEL RICH, at the age of 72, stepped forth into the world of light without a moment's warning, in August, 1872.

A few months before, his children and friends celebrated the golden wedding at the home where he had lived and prayed for fifty years. Now at the end of a Christian pilgrimage, which quietly, but firmly demonstrates a true piety, he is away to that land as if by transition, where the union of true souls is perfect love and bliss forever. At that reunion may all his household give him the pleasure to say, "Here am I, and the children thou hast given me."

NANCY PIERCE concluded her earthly pilgrimage by a happy death, Sept. 21. Converted a generation ago, about the same time left a widow, she has continued to bear a steady and useful testimony to the worth and power of religion in the midst of sore trials and heavy burdens. At the ripe age of 78, her faculties were clear; she was ready to bide God's time, but joyful when she heard the call to come home. Much of the time, during her last illness, she said, "It seems as if I could put out my hand and touch the Lord, He is so near." Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. A. J. CHURCH.

Died, in Bowdoinham, Me., Sept. 1, 1872, ROBERT McFARLAND, aged 81 years.

Brother McFarland was born in Topsham, Me., became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church thirty-five years ago, and continued a worthy member of the same to the close of life. His life was one of remarkable industry and activity in the accomplishment of life's work. For some months prior to his decease he had been more than ordinarily engaged in religious and seemed to be ripening for the better land. We miss him at our social and religious gatherings; we miss him at the house of worship on the Sabbath. His last sickness was of such a nature as to deprive him of his reason; but his profession and his life assure us that he rests from his labors. He leaves a widow and five sons, all of enterprising, intelligence, and moral worth.

C. C. CONE.

Will The Methodist please copy?
Died, at Livermore Falls, Nov. 1, 1872, OREN HASKELL, aged 74 years.
The death of this dear brother is a bereavement of more than a passing notice. For more than sixty years had he been a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Thirty-five years of that time had he enjoyed that higher life called sanctification. Often has he said to the writer, within the past year, "There is a spot here (laying his hand on his heart) that has not been dried by the water of life. I have been a member of the Church for thirty years. Though God had tested his faith severely, yet there was no flinching, no murmuring, no doubting the Divine goodness. The cloud, however dark, had its silver lining. "My good, or the good of some one is intended," was his uniform faith and expression; and if it was the good of some one beside himself, he was just as well satisfied. The one ruling principle of his life was, "What is God's will? What is my duty?" These settled, and it was done; no matter how great the sacrifice of time or money, it must be done. To him, more than to any other one individual, is the Church in this place indebted for its beautiful house of worship, now clear and ready for use by almost the last act of his life. There being more than \$800 floating debt on the church, he kindly advanced the money, and took trustee notes for the same. In a conversation with his wife a short time before his death, he said, "If I am called suddenly away, I want you to make a present of this note to the trustees." She, with the true spirit of godly fidelity becoming the wife of such a man, has carried that wish out to the letter, and to-day the church stands free of debt; and in a meeting of the trustees, held Jan. 9, 1873, they passed the following resolution:—

Resolved, That, as a Board of Trustees, we feel it our duty to express our gratitude for the very generous gift of our worthy brother, and to our dear sister for the faithful performance of his wishes in the matter. May the widow's God abundantly reward her.

Thus the Church militant is depleted, to swell the Church triumphant. May the mantle of the fathers fall upon the children.
W. B. BARTLETT.
Livermore Falls, Jan. 7, 1873.

Mrs. ADDIE E. BROWN, wife of Rev. S. L. Brown, of the Maine Annual Conference, departed this life in East Livermore, Oct. 4, 1872, at the age of 23 years.

Sister Brown was converted under the labors of Rev. H. Nickerson, at the age of 15 years. Her piety was of a cheerful character, and sustained her fully in the trials and cares of life, and did not forsake her to the end of life. She was educated in the bosom of the Church, to which she gave the closing years of her life. She was an affectionate wife and loving friend, whose

character was worthy of imitation. She was called to her home in heaven in early life; yet she had endeavored herself to a large circle of friends, who sincerely mourn her early departure from among them. She was kind and affectionate, and to the last was conscious that her heavenly Father would keep unto that day what in her Christian life she had committed to him. Her religion sustained her abundantly through life, and in the closing scene. Her kind, Christian husband, and precious child are left to us. May he have our prayers that he may be sustained in this deep affliction.

WM. H. FOSTER.

Once more has the Church in Piermont, N. H., been stricken by the loss of one of its most devoted members.

Mrs. ANN BLAKE, wife of John Blake, died Oct. 10, 1872.
For years she had been a great sufferer. Her maiden name was Hoyt, and she was born in Durham, Me., in 1816. She was born again at the age of 20. She first joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at Portland, Me., and was afterwards a member at Wilton, and at Windsor, Me., and at Melrose, Mass. She united with the Church in Piermont fourteen years ago. She was ready, nay, desirous, to depart and be with Christ.

M. SHERMAN.

Died, in East Falmouth, Mass., Dec. 8, 1872, CHARLES SHERMAN, aged 85 years.

Father Sherman was the oldest member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in East Falmouth, and until a few days before his death, was earnestly engaged in promoting her interests. He loved the Church, and the ordinances of the Christian religion. He loved the souls of his fellow-men, and went from house to house presenting the claims of the gospel. Peacefully he passed away. "He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him."

J. S. FISH.

Miss REBECCA CHANDLER died in Phillips, Me., Dec. 14, 1872, aged 65 years.

Sister Chandler was formerly of Freeport, Me. She professed faith in Christ more than forty years ago, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has since honored her profession by a consistent Christian life. She suffered much in her last sickness, which she bore with patience, and died in peace.

R. F. F.

CHESTER STEBBINS died in Lancaster, N. H., Dec. 24, aged 66 years.

Twenty years of his life was given to the Church. In it he showed himself a firm believer in her doctrines and usages, and a faithful attendant upon her services. And there is reason to believe that he found the hopes and consolations of Christianity a sufficient refuge and strength in his last trial. By his death the community has lost a good citizen, the Church a devoted member, the pastor an attentive hearer and friend, and the family a faithful husband and kind father. All have gained the hope that he has passed to the life eternal, and thus established a new connection between them and heaven.

O. C.

Lancaster, N. H., Dec. 30, 1872.

The Farm and Garden.

PREPARED FOR ZION'S HERALD.

WINTERING VEGETABLES.—We copy the following from the *Rural New Yorker*:—

It is one thing to raise a good crop of vegetables, but quite another thing to keep them safely through the winter. It is, doubtless, the fact that more vegetables are injured by heat in winter than by cold, because most persons crowd such things together in large quantities, and then cover them deeply to keep out the frost. When placed in cellars, the windows are closed, and in the more northern States, banked up with, perhaps, fresh horse manure from the stable. Of course it is necessary to keep potatoes, turnips, beets, and similar roots from freezing; still they would be of far better quality if kept as cold as possible, and not actually frozen. Turnips and beets in particular, are very liable to heat, and become spoiled if a large quantity is placed together; and potatoes are often injured by being put in large bins, instead of being put in barrels or spread thinly upon shelves in a dark cellar. When buried in the ground, small heaps, say twenty to thirty bushels in each, is best.

CELERY.—Celery that is not sufficiently blanched when cool nights come on, and there is danger of frosts, should be banked up to the topmost point of the leaves; then cover with straw or boards. When the ground begins to freeze, dig up, and place all in a narrow trench, in some dry and convenient place where it can be protected from frost, and still be got at when wanted for use. Pure sand is better than soil to pack in among the roots and stems for winter preservation.

PARSNIPS AND SALSFY.—As these roots are benefited by freezing, or are at least not injured by it, they may be dug up and placed in a trench, and only slightly protected; just sufficient to admit of taking out what are wanted for use during winter. If they are only wanted for use in the spring, then they may be allowed to remain where grown.

ONIONS will withstand far more cold than is usually supposed. If packed dry in tight barrels and all interstices filled with chaff, they may be kept in a barn, or where they will freeze quite hard, and not be injured, provided the barrels are closed tight, and not opened until the onions are again thawed. Onions stored in a warm cellar are very likely to sprout in winter, and then decay, emitting anything but an agreeable odor.

CABBAGES.—This is one of the quickest decaying vegetables, if kept in a warm place; and the usual practice in this vicinity is to set the heads in a furrow, with the roots up, and then cover very lightly with earth. In such a position they remain frozen

nearly all winter, and come out in the spring almost as fresh as when gathered in autumn. We cannot say how this plan would answer farther North or South; but it answers every purpose here, and New York city market is supplied in winter and spring from the open fields.

The too general custom in this country of putting all kinds of vegetables in the cellar under the dwelling-house is not conducive to the health of the inmates at least; besides, it is scarcely possible to keep all kinds equally well preserved in the same temperature. It is a far better plan to store the different kinds separate, or at least place them where ventilation can be had when necessary. Potatoes and carrots are about the only roots that can be preserved in a cellar which is not well ventilated in winter; and then no very large quantity can be placed together. We believe that as a rule, farmers fail in preserving their vegetables simply because they try to keep too many kinds together, and all in far too warm a temperature.

FOR VINEGAR.—If you have no cider to make vinegar, you can keep yourself well supplied by saving your apple parings; you can put them in a crock, with a little water on them, so they will not dry up, and when full stew them and press like jelly; rise the pulp from the jelly, and put it in a keg with a few white beans, and vinegar will result in a short time. A pint of white beans in a barrel of cider will bring it to vinegar in a short time if in a moderately warm place.

COOKIES.—One cup of white sugar, rolled fine, mixed with half a cup of butter; half a cup of an egg and raise it through the rollers. Add two eggs, thoroughly beaten. Season with caraway seeds, or nutmeg. Roll thin, sprinkle sugar on. Roll lightly once, cut them out in a circular shape, and bake in a quick oven.

BREAKFAST BOLA.—Pour a sufficient quantity of boiling water on one pint corn-meal to make gruel; then let it stand till nearly cold; then add salt, and one large spoonful of yeast; mix in wheat flour until it is stiff dough; knead it well, and let it stand in a warm place for seven or eight hours to rise; when light, make into rolls, and bake one hour.

TO CLEAN THE HAIR AND HEAD.—Heat the yolk of an egg and rub it through the hair; wash with rice or warm water; dry with towel as much as possible. Avoid going out before the hair is dry. A very little of the compound spirits of ammonia, in a table-spoonful, in a quart of warm water, is excellent to clean the hair and hair brushes. Then wash the hair with soap and water and rinse with pure water and brush it at least ten minutes.

A cut lemon kept on the wash-stand, and rubbed over the hands daily, after washing, and not wiped off for some minutes, is an excellent remedy for chapped hands.

Beauty is God's hand-writing—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair flower, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it; drink it in simply and earnestly, with your eyes; it is a charming draught, a cup of blessing.

Ladies who cultivate flowers in the house will find great benefit to the plants by spreading moss over the earth in flower-pots. This keeps the water from evaporating, and the temperature more uniform. Tea-grounds are often used for the same purpose. Where a flower pot sits in a saucer with a hole in the bottom of the saucer, and a pane of glass, and cover it with moss, and you have a simple and admirable arrangement.

The Secular World.

THE NEWS.

NAPOLEON'S FUNERAL.—Napoleon's funeral took place at Chiselhurst, at 11.30 on the morning of the 15th. A deputation of Paris women, at the head of the procession, wore immortelles and carried wreaths of yellow flowers. On both sides of the hearse were the imperial arms surmounted by the letter N. A great crowd, which steadily increased, surrounded the hearse. The funeral procession moved in the following order:—A man bearing a tri-color borne on an ash stick, cut at the last moment; before the cortege moved a deputation of working-men from Paris, with uncovered heads, bearing wreaths; the chaplain of the family, bearing aloft a golden crucifix; hearse drawn by eight horses, driven by a postilion. The mourners numbered 800, including the Prince Imperial uncovered, Prince Joachim, Prince Achille, M. Rouher, and many imperialists, English noblemen, Paris priests, and others. The Prince Imperial was very pale. Eugene was too ill to attend the funeral. The coffin was covered with immortelles and violets. There was no funeral sermon at the chapel. The Bishop of Southwark sang a requiem mass over the remains, assisted by Father Goddard—the spiritual adviser of the late ex-Emperor—and all the priests who were chaplains at the Tuilleries during the reign of Napoleon. Mr. Lutz, the organist of St. George's cathedral, London, was present at the chapel with his choir, and conducted the musical portion of the services. The remains were deposited in the sacristy, which has been formed into a mortuary chapel until the removal of the body to France for final interment. The procession was very long, and the hearse was at the chapel before the end of the cortege had left the family mansion. Carriages and pedestrians, three abreast, proceeded to the chapel. The Prince Imperial and Prince Napoleon returned from the chapel in one carriage cheered by the crowds. At least 3,000 people gathered to witness the procession.

One of the persons who came from France to attend the funeral of Napoleon, brought with him some soil, dug from the garden of the Tuilleries, which he strewed over the coffin after it was deposited in the sacristy of the chapel at Chiselhurst. Many French spies were present at Chiselhurst.

Funeral services were also held in various cities of Europe.

The recent storm in the West was of a most disastrous character. Telegraphic reports state that thirteen dead bodies were found between Fort Ridgeway and Beaver Falls; six children on the way to school were frozen to death. A despatch from Fergus Falls states that seven bodies were found there, and estimates the number of victims within a radius of twenty-five miles at fifty. Among the most terrible incidents is that of a man who

went for a doctor to attend his wife, and was frozen to death on his way home. Next day when the doctor reached the house, he found that the woman had given birth to a child, and that both were frozen to death. A gentleman who has experienced the storm, estimates the loss of life and property as being greater than that caused by the famous Sioux massacre of 1862.

A fire occurred on the morning of the 15th, in Philadelphia, in the house of the late Edwin Forrest. A portion of the library was destroyed, including nearly all his valuable Shakespearean collection. The famous original copy of Shakespeare, which Forrest always kept in a glass case, was consumed. It was valued at \$5,000. The fire did not extend beyond the library. The gallery containing paintings and art collections was not injured. Loss \$20,000.

SAD ELOPEMENT CASE.—Miss Josephine Drew, of Fisherville, N. H., a beautiful girl of 15, and the idol of her parents, eloped with one Geo. Sherburne, Nov. 25. Notwithstanding the most vigilant search by detectives, no trace could be found of the pair till Monday, the 14th inst., when a telegram from Jersey City announced the death of the girl, and arrest of her betrayer. It seems that shortly after reaching this place, where they went under the assumed name of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. G. Jones, the girl broke down completely with nervous melancholy, growing rapidly worse until typhoid fever set in. In her ravings she would call most piteously for her mother, and her declarations of not being the wife of Jones were attributed to insanity. She speedily died, Jones refusing to send any word whatever to her friends. Last Thursday, Sherburne was brought to Concord, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the officers prevented an excited crowd from lynching him on the spot. The poor girl's parents are both insane over this terrible calamity. Sherburne has an amiable wife, and an interesting little girl living at Fisherville.

NEWS ITEMS.

The steamship Erie was destroyed by fire at the port of Pernambuco on the 1st inst., with a cargo of about 20,000 bags of coffee.

The Russian Count Schouvaloff was presented to Queen Victoria last week.

The ship Chillingham Castle was wrecked on the voyage from Shields for Malta, and twenty-six persons drowned.

A boiler in a factory at Charleroi, Belgium, exploded on the 15th. Eleven persons were killed, and a large number wounded.

In the lower branch of the Spanish Cortez, on the 15th, Senor Sala inquired of the government whether it was true that notes had passed between the governments of Spain and the United States on the subject of slavery.

Senor Zorrilla, president of the council, said that he was glad to have an opportunity to make a parliamentary denial of such an assertion, and formally declared that no communication had been exchanged between the governments of Madrid and Washington on the subject of slavery.

A cable despatch announces the foundering of the ship Tuscarora, off Gibraltar, and that the captain and ten men were lost.

The Duc de Grammont has published a letter claiming that in 1869 Austria promised to help France against Germany.

A terrible earthquake is reported to have taken place in India. In the town of Soonghur, 114 miles north of Bombay, 1,500 lives were lost. Nothing has yet been heard from the surrounding country.

Secretary Boutwell recommends the establishment of seven life-saving stations on the coast of Maine, and two on Cape Ann.

The Pope complained, at an audience given by him recently, of the treatment that the Church had received at the hands of the European powers.

The Anti-Porto Rico Reform League of Madrid, have signed a manifesto protesting against the passage of the bill providing for the emancipation of the slaves on that island. Admiral Topete and Senor Balaguer refused to do so.

The Canadian Minister of Justice held an examination on the 10th, in relation to the matters which form the subject of inquiry by the Commission now sitting in Washington, principally in the matter of the St. Albans raid.

The official report of the losses sustained by Parisian libraries during the Prussian siege and the Commune shows that the latter is responsible for all the actual losses.

In the Ontario Parliament, the Commissioner for the Crown Lands stated on the 10th, that the Provincial Government still owned 5,700 square miles of timber lands in the Ottawa region, in which not a single pine-tree had been cut, and containing some of the best pine timber this side of the Rocky Mountains, and estimated to be worth to the Government, for the timber alone, \$25,000,000.

Over sixty people have left Nice lately, owing to the Boston fire, and the failure of Bowles Brothers & Co.

News is telegraphed to England from Alexandria, that the cholera, or something like it, has broken out in the Soudan, and that as a consequence quarantine has been established at Assuan, the point of the First Cataract.

Mr. Whymer, the Alpine explorer, has made two scientific visits to Greenland, and expects to present their fruits in a work on that country.

Chiselhurst, where Louis Napoleon died, is a parish situated in the county of Kent, eleven miles southeast of London.

FROM JAPAN AND CHINA.

The Corea question is assuming a very serious aspect. The Japan Gazette says war is imminent.

All actors and wrestlers in Japan are notified that they can pursue their profession three years longer, after which they must follow some more useful and honorable employment.

Male Japanese have been informed that they will no longer be required to shave their heads, but the top-knot must be retained.

Native merchants have petitioned the Japanese government for permission to construct railroads and telegraph lines. The petitions were granted. The work is to be done under the supervision of the public works department.

Reforms in the police and judicial departments are being pushed forward rapidly.

Most of the British war vessels at Shanghai will take their departure in a few days.

The Chinese Emperor contemplates an internal journey through the empire.

The new Mexican dollar is officially adopted at Canton.

Riots had occurred at Foo Chow, but no foreigners were molested.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.
WHOLESALE PRICES.
January 18, 1873.

GOLD—1.12½ @ \$1.12½.
SILVER—Superfine, 3.25 @ \$5.25; extra, \$6.75 @ \$7.25; Michigan, \$8.50 @ \$10.00; St. Louis, \$9.50 @ \$10.50; Southern Flour, \$7.00 @ \$12.00.
CORN—Western Yellow, 78 @ 79 cents; Western Mixed, 76 @ 78; bushel, 7.
OATS—20 @ 25, bushel.
RYE—1.35 @ 1.40, per bushel.
SHOATS—20.00 @ \$27.00 per ton.
FINE FIBER—\$20.00 @ \$27.00 per ton.
SHEEP—The Western, \$2.50 @ \$3.50; Red Top, \$2.25 @ 4.25 per sack; R. H. Bent, \$3.00 @ 3.50 per bushel; Clover, 11 @ 12, per lb.
APPLES—\$2.50 @ \$5.00 per bushel.
POKE—\$1.00 @ \$1.50; Lard, 8½ @ 9c; Hams 11 @ 11½.
BUTTER—20 @ 30c.
CHEESE—Factory, 14 @ 15; Dairy, 0 @ 0c.
EGGS—40 @ 42 cents per dozen.
HAY—Eastern pressed, \$2.00 @ \$2.00 per ton.
POTATOES—\$3.00 @ 3.50 per bushel.
BRANNS—Extra Pale, \$1.00 @ \$1.25; medium, \$0.80.
LEMONS—\$3.50 @ 5.00 per box.
POULTRY—15 @ 25 cents per lb.
ORANGES—\$5.00 @ \$6.00 per box.
CARROTS—\$7.00 @ 10 @ bushel.
TURNIPS—\$2.00 @ 2.50 per bushel.
CABBAGE—\$1.50 @ 2.00 per hundred.
BEETS—\$1.00 @ bushel.
ONIONS—\$5.00 @ 5.50 per bushel.
MANGROVE—\$4.00 @ 5.00 @ 6.00 per cwt.
HUBBARD SQUASH—\$2.00 @ 3.00 per cwt.
CRANBERRIES—5.00 @ 12.00 per bushel.
REMARKS.—For all reliable brands of Flour the market is firm, and the demand fair. Very little doing in seed during the winter months, and prices unchanged. Pork has dropped 4c, and Hams ½ c. Cheese is firm in market. Eggs as last noted—a few days of warm weather will lower the rates. Vegetables remain steady.

Removal!

O. T. TAYLOR,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods and Hosiery.

Formerly No. 12 Hanover Street,
Now removed to
No. 27 CAMBRIDGE STREET.

UNDER THE DERRY HOUSE.
Many thanks to our patrons for past favors, and a continuance most respectfully solicited.

O. T. TAYLOR
No. 27 Cambridge Street, Boston.

WESLEYAN HALL,
36 BROMFIELD STREET.

This beautiful hall is so located that it is free from noise at any hour of the day. Will accommodate daily 300 persons. Is well adapted for Lectures, Concerts, etc. Only one flight of stairs from the street.
For terms, etc., inquire at 38 Bromfield Street, of J. P. MAGEE, or the Janitor.
July 20, 71

CHURCH BELLS.
[Established in 1820.]

WILLIAM BLAKE & CO., formerly Henry Bell & Co., continue to manufacture Bells of any weight required, single or in chimes made of Copper and Tin, in the superior manner for Churches, Colleges, and a host of other noted. Address WILLIAM BLAKE & CO., Cor. Allen, Brighton, and Charles Sts., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED FOR
History of the Great Fires
in Chicago and the West.

By Rev. E. C. GOODPASTER, D. D., of Chicago. The record of a proud city overthrown by sudden and awful calamity, of towns destroyed by the wasting element of fire, of forests, of homes and farms, of men of wealth made beggars, of families separated, of a thrilling and complete history of these great events. 300 pages, 75 cents. It is a valuable and interesting subject. It is by America's most popular writer on health. It is, for the price, the largest and handsomest book ever sold by subscription. Agents are people eager for such a book, and will urge you to bring it to them. Write for terms. GEORGE MACLEAN, Publisher, 3 School St., Boston, Mass.

MENEELY'S BELLS.
The genuine Troy Church Bells known to the public since 1820; which have acquired a reputation unequalled by any and a sale exceeding that of all others; including more than seventy chiming and peals. One thousand testimonials received during the last six years. Every bell made of best copper and tin, and furnished with superior New Patent Rotary Fictors. Catalogues free. No Agencies.

MENEELY & KIMBERLY, Troy, N. Y.

Manufacture a superior quality of Church, Academy, Free-school, College, and other bells, of pure copper and tin, mounted in the most approved manner, and fully warranted. Catalogues sent free.

MENEELY & KIMBERLY, Troy, N. Y.

CHURCH ORGANS.
E. & G. G. HOOK & HASTINGS,
BOSTON, MASS.

One of the Oldest Establishments in the Country, and the largest of its kind in the world.
Send stamp for illustrated catalogue of our new CHURCH, and for CHURCHES, CHAPELS, PARLORS, LODGES and SCHOOLS, containing from \$600 to \$1,500; and for descriptive catalogues of larger sizes.
Tuning and repairing promptly done.

W. B. WEBB & CO.,
Baltimore.

[ESTABLISHED, 1843.]
WEBB & TWOMBLY'S
Chocolate, Prepared Cocoa,
Broma, etc., etc.

Our Chocolate and Cocoa have invariably taken the highest award medals in competition with the preparations of other manufacturers, and we guarantee them to be of the best quality. Give them a trial, and you will use no other. For sale by all first-class dealers.

W. B. WEBB & CO.,
41 Chatham Street, Boston.

\$72 EACH WEEK—A house wanted, Business legitimate. J. WORTH, St. Louis, Mo.

Make \$10 Daily

Selling the Great Book in Boston, 30 pages, price \$1.20, with Ink, Type and seal Case, delivered by mail anywhere. 3 Alphabets extra free. Agents wanted. Golding & Co., 14 Killy St., Boston.

Have you Examined the "Family Favorite,"



SEWING MACHINE.
No other is so thoroughly adapted to the wants of the Family, Dressmaker, or Tailoring purposes. It is perfect in simplicity and effectiveness in every way. It is in competition with the Sewing Machine, and is the best. Send for catalogue. W. E. S. M. MACHINE CO., 340 Washington St., N. H. FOWLER, APT.

2000 A Day.

We are now printing 2000 copies per day of our new Sunday School Music Book.

PURE DIAMONDS,
By James R. Murray,

and are still behind our orders. No book of the kind ever before published has met with such decided success. Over

75,000 ARE NOW IN USE,
although the book has been published but one month. Every new, brilliant, beautiful, and by such authors as GEO. F. ROOP, P. F. BURN, H. E. PALMER, J. M. KEEFER, J. H. TENNEY, LOWELL, MASON, etc. If you wish the latest and best Sunday School Music Book get "Pure Diamonds." Price in boards, 35 cents; in paper covers, 25 cents per 100. A sample copy, in paper covers, mailed on receipt of 25 cts. Sold by all bookellers.

THE GREAT CHURCH MUSIC BOOK.
THE ADVANCE,

By H. S. PRINGLE, will be found superior to any work of the kind published this season. It contains everything new and complete. Price \$1.25; \$1.00 per dozen. Sample copy mailed for 25c.

JUST PUBLISHED,
THE NORMAL,

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.

SUDDEN DEATH.—It often seems to us that the officers of our large life insurance companies must be able to tell some strange thing about death. We, who edit the newspapers, who look into the kaleidoscope of the world every day to catch the shifting phases of the public mind, learn what life is. We see every side of it, not only its mirth and sadness, but its ignorance and its grossness; its horrible spelling and its wretched chronology!

But death writes a plain hand. The managers of our life insurance companies are called upon to pay its drafts every day. In the course of their business, they learn how men regard death; how they lay their plans in relation to it; how it affects surviving lives. And, notwithstanding all this familiarity with it, does not the Spectator sometimes flash upon them in a manner that must give them pause?

Such questions we asked, recently, in the office of our friends, the **EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY** in New York, and, at the very moment of our conversation a letter was opened which answered us. It announced the death of a young man in Chicago, whose life had been insured for the benefit of his mother. He was in the upper lot of a warehouse, made a mistake, fell through the hoistway to the floor—dead!

When he insured his life, did he think it possible that it could end in such a manner? Doubtless, he was reasoned with for a long time before he insured himself. He hesitated. He put off the intention. He said he would think about it—might do it tomorrow; and, perhaps, not fully appreciating the necessity or wisdom of an insurance, was, at last, persuaded to take a policy.

And how many men, young and old, are now hesitating, day after day, to provide for this result; to do now that which it is madness to defer?

The Secular World.

LATEST NEWS.

Edward Bulwer Lytton, better known as Lord Lytton, the famous English novelist, died on the 18th inst., aged 68 years. His brother, Lord Bulwer, the diplomatist, died a year ago. Lord Lytton was a distinguished member of Parliament for many years.

The British steamship Sir Francis, went to pieces on Sunday forenoon, a dense fog eclipsing the ruin accomplished upon her during a strong gale, and when the fog lifted the vessel had disappeared.

A severe fire in Pawtucket, Sunday morning, burned the Miller building, and damaged the adjoining Spencer building, inflicting a loss of \$35,000. Mr. Dorsey, the famous "prisoners' friend," was a heavy loser by the fire.

General Wheaton's command had a terrible battle with the Modoc Indians on Friday last, and after fighting all day in a fog so dense that the foe could not be seen, he was forced to retreat back to camp with a loss of forty killed and wounded.

The introduction of the municipal reform laws into Porto Rico have been delayed by order of the Spanish government.

The sympathies of the people of Newfoundland tend toward annexation to the United States, and it is believed the action of the coming Parliament will be favorable to the project.

The heating of the cars on Mr. Stewart's new line of railroad is not effected by steam, but by hot water circulating through pipes under the seats. These pipes are caused in a wrought-iron covering, which is again protected by another iron casing, so that in the event of a collision it is claimed there is no danger to be apprehended of setting the cars on fire.

The confidence in the management of the Eastern Railroad by the public has been constantly increasing for a year past. The readiness with which the four thousand shares of the stock held by the company has been recently taken, is proof of this.

The floods in Italy have caused some districts to be over-covered with fugitives that typhus fever and small pox have been engendered, and are committing frightful ravages among the poor creatures.

A survey was held on the 10th, of the British steamer Sir Francis, ashore on Salisbury beach, and it was recommended that she be pumped out. The schooner Florence E. Tower left port that night for the wreck, with a steam pump on board. The work of discharging the water was done by Capt. M. B. Tower, of Boston, and Hon. G. W. Jackson, Jr., of Newburyport.

The Subaqueous torpedo, as an implement of naval warfare, is attracting attention, and it has been determined that with the facilities now at command, a torpedo can be placed under any vessel whose speed is less than the attacking one, and exploded.

The recent storm raged with terrible severity in some parts of Minnesota, and many deaths are supposed to have been lost.

There was an imposing anti-slavery demonstration in Madrid on Saturday. Father Tom Burke is seriously ill in New Orleans.

The meeting of the Methodist Social Union with their ladies and invited guests on Monday evening last, was one of the most delightful entertainments which the Association has enjoyed. A large company was gathered; the collection admitted of only one criticism if any, it was too rich and profuse for human digestion, so near to bedtime. The speaking by President Dunn, Missionary Secretary Reid, Dr. Butler, Governor Washburn, C. P. Kimball, esq., of Rutland, and Hon. Mr. Story of the Baptist Church, was of a high order. An attractive feature of the evening was the singing of a Swedish quartette.

One of the sprightliest papers coming to our office, with live, sharp, editorials, and able selections and contributions, is the *Christian Recorder*, the organ of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Central says the Law Department of the Iowa State University has more students than can be seated in its rooms.

INDIGNATION will fill the breast of every artist when we state that two men were arrested in a lumber-yard the other day, because they were suspected of a design on wood.

A SOLDIER, telling his mother of the terrible fire at Chickamauga, was asked by her why he did not get behind a "tree." "Yes," said he; "there wasn't enough trees for the officers."

ONE of Hartford's popular dry-goods merchants was asked the other day how he spent his evenings. His reply was, "At night I staid my mind, and during the day I staid my store." He was alive at last accounts.

A GENTLEMAN asked an Irishman to do him a small service, on the completion of which he rewarded Pat very liberally. Pat immediately addressed him thus: "Arrah, by the powers, I have a good mind to hire you for my master!"

G. N. Noyes & Co., 151 Washington Street, still keep with the demands of the times in furnishing their customers with the best cloths and manufacturing garments in the most approved styles. All who give them their orders are sure to get good garments at the most reasonable rates.

COUGHS AND COLDS ARE OFTEN OVERLOOKED. A continuance for any length of time, causes irritation of the Lungs, or some chronic Throat Disease, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are an effectual cough remedy.

OF ALL AWFUL NIGHT SOUNDS, that of a frightful cough reverberating through the darkness, is the most saddest. Would you be spared this affliction, and save the life endangered by the complaint, administer *Hale's Honey of Marshmallows* and *Ten Criterions*, 7th Avenue. Sold by all Druggists. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute.

THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE, an announcement of which will be found elsewhere, is a first-class family newspaper, carefully edited and worthy of admission into any family. Locke & Jones, Publishers, Toledo, Ohio.

We call the attention of our readers to W. R. Arrey's notice of a meeting of the Neosho Colony Company. Persons contemplating emigrating West, would do well to give this company their attention; as they offer attractive inducements to join.

MISS CARRIE F. PEIRCE'S HIGH SCHOOL, which is advertised in our columns to commence February 10, is large and flourishing. Eleven teachers and lecturers, are engaged for the next term. Good board for pupils is also secured by her, at very reasonable rates.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from Torpid Liver or "Biliousness," and nothing will cure so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Sold by all Druggists. 610.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS.—The superiority of these extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength. They are warranted free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are not only true to their names, but are prepared from fruits of the best quality, and are so highly concentrated that a comparatively small quantity only need be used.

"Pre-eminently superior." Parker House, Boston.

"The best in the world." Fifth Avenue Hotel, N. Y.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, Manufacturers and Proprietors.

NOTICE.
THE NEOSHO COLONY for Kansas will hold a meeting at the residence of Mrs. J. W. Arrey, on the 23d inst. at 7 o'clock P. M. and it is hoped that every one intending to go to the Colony will be present. The Colony is being organized very fast with the men of means, and by attending this meeting, the colonies will see each other and will then choose their town officers for their town of 36 lots. The meeting will be held at the residence of Mrs. J. W. Arrey, on the 23d inst. at 7 o'clock P. M. and it is hoped that every one intending to go to the Colony will be present. The Colony is being organized very fast with the men of means, and by attending this meeting, the colonies will see each other and will then choose their town officers for their town of 36 lots. The meeting will be held at the residence of Mrs. J. W. Arrey, on the 23d inst. at 7 o'clock P. M. and it is hoped that every one intending to go to the Colony will be present. 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